

# *The* American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



DECEMBER, 1930

JOAN



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# The American Girl

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THE AMERICAN GIRL  
670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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1930



*The*  
"AMERICAN GIRL"  
IS COMING TO  
YOU AS *the* GIFT

OF

Mary L. Thomas

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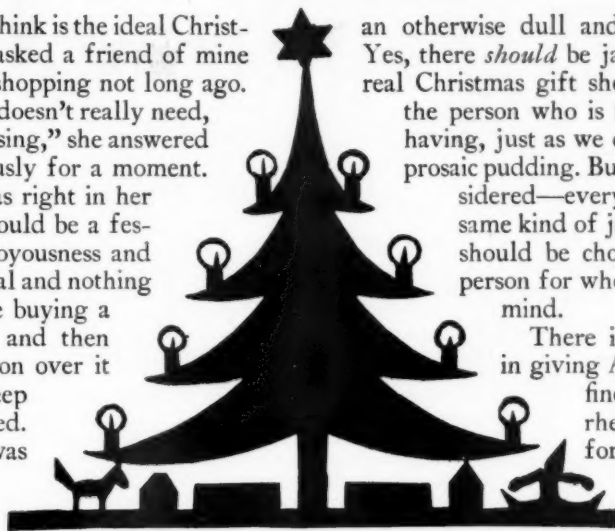
# Along the Editor's Trail

**W**HAT do you think is the ideal Christmas gift?" I asked a friend of mine whom I met shopping not long ago.

"Something that one doesn't really need, but that one can enjoy using," she answered after deliberating seriously for a moment.

And I believe she was right in her definition. Christmas should be a festive time—a time for joyousness and generosity. To be practical and nothing else at Christmas is like buying a fine dress for a party and then wearing a gingham apron over it the whole evening to keep it from becoming soiled.

I remember, when I was a child, unwrapping a large and interesting-looking box on Christmas day, in eager anticipation of something exciting—only to find three flannel nightgowns! The relative who gave them to me was a practical person and she knew they were the kind I always wore in winter, but to me they weren't a real Christmas gift. I couldn't say to myself when I put them on, "This is what Aunt Louise gave me for Christmas," because they were just like all the other flannel nightgowns I had worn. Perhaps if I had known what it was to be cold for lack of a warm nightgown, I should have appreciated them. But as it was, they were too much a part of my normal everyday life to give me that excited Christmasy feeling that children love so much—and grown ups, too. A box of pencils with my name on each one pleased me more, although they cost about a tenth of what Aunt Louise had paid for the nightgowns. I had had pencils before, too. I was in the second grade at school at the time and I used them every day. But I had never owned any long sapphire-blue ones with my name on them. They were something extra, like the spoonful of strawberry jam that used to be put on top of our rice pudding to glorify



an otherwise dull and uninteresting dessert. Yes, there *should* be jam at Christmas. And a real Christmas gift should be something that the person who is to receive it will *enjoy* having, just as we enjoyed the jam on our prosaic pudding. But one thing must be considered—everybody doesn't like the same kind of jam, and Christmas gifts should be chosen carefully with the person for whom they are intended in mind.

There is no use, for example, in giving Aunt Mary, who is confined to the house with rheumatism, a vanity bag for evening wear, however lovely it may be. It wouldn't be the kind of jam she would

enjoy. But it might be just the thing for Cousin Cora. Adelaide, who is fond of exquisite clothes, would be thrilled to possess a pair of silk stockings just a little finer than the ones she usually has to wear, or a handkerchief selected especially to match a favorite dress, although she wouldn't care a bit for a work basket, even if the fittings were solid gold.

Christmas gifts need not be expensive to give pleasure. A golfing father I know was overjoyed when his daughter gave him a trick kind of pocket golf score, although it was much less expensive than the wollen socks she had intended buying at first. He could get the socks himself, you see, but if she hadn't wandered about the shops and discovered this particular kind of golf score, he might never have known that it existed. It was the care and thought put into the choosing of the gift rather than the intrinsic value that mattered.

So, when you are making or buying gifts this year, remember the jam—which is, after all, really a careful consideration of the tastes and interests of the people on your Christmas list.

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Editor*  
PAULINE STEINBERG, *Managing Editor*

## THE AMERICAN GIRL

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## Candies for the Holidays

**C**HRISTMAS is the time for home-made candies. There is no question about that! Quaint little candy novelties of funny little men made of candy and nuts and fruits, crystallized fruits, bonbons and after dinner mints—they all have their place in the Christmas scheme of things. Some of the candies you can make alone.

Other candies are more fun to make in family gatherings, especially the novelty candies. Even the youngest members of the family can be enlisted when it comes time to get these ready for the Christmas tree, or for Christmas boxes.

Little fig characters are amusing to use either way—as decorations for the Christmas tree, or as gifts for children.

Make them entirely of fruits and nuts with a marshmallow for the face. First make some small wooden standards out of old cigar box covers or thin cedar wood of any kind. Then drive two long slim nails through the wooden standard and paint it with a sugar and water syrup dusted with granulated sugar.

Next, split a large almond, and stick the two halves (brown sides up) on to the standard, just in front of the wire nails, to form the feet. Then put three or four raisins on each wire nail, to make the legs; a dried fig to form a skirt, or two small figs to form the trousers of a boy figure; then another plump fig for the body.

Through the upper part or shoulder of the body fig, pass a slender piece of wire, long enough for arms. Cover this wire with tiny currants, and at each end place a peanut for hands. Into the top of the fig body, stick one or two toothpicks, allowing them to protrude sufficiently to hold a marshmallow, which has previously had mouth, nose, and eyes marked on it. This is done with a toothpick dipped into melted chocolate. On top of the head put a little piece of fig as a hat.

Did you ever try to make "peanut men" for the Christmas tree? They are also funny and picturesque. String peanuts together with coarse thread or darning cotton, leaving a wisp of yarn or thread for the pigtail. Fashion head, body, arms and legs from the peanuts. Then dress the figures in Japanese paper, making funny little Mandarin costumes. Cut a little circle of pasteboard for the hat, paint it and tack it on and the peanut man is all finished.

"Jingle dolls" too, are quite a jolly sort of candy for the Christmas tree. They are made of net, have peppermint heads and are filled with hard candies.

After-dinner mints are not difficult to

make and are just the thing to complete the Christmas dinner. Here is Mary Elizabeth's recipe from *My Candy Secrets*:

#### After-Dinner Mints

Sift into two or three cake tins one half pound each of powdered sugar and cornstarch well mixed, so as to be ready to receive cut candies as indicated below.

3 lbs. (6 cups) gran- 1 pt. (2 cups) wa-  
ulated sugar ter  
½ teaspoonful cream of tartar

Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Then remove the spoon and put the thermometer into the batch. With a damp piece of cheesecloth wrapped round a fork, remove any grains which may form on the side of the kettle.

When the thermometer registers 260 degrees, pour, with as little agitation as possible, into a cold oiled cake tin.

When the edges are cold, add fifteen drops of pure oil of peppermint (use medicine dropper) and three drops of oil of lemon. Fold the edges over so that the flavoring is folded in; and when firm and cool enough to handle, stretch over a candy hook until white and fluffy.

Then stretch out and cut with scissors into even-sized pieces into the pans of mixed powdered sugar and cornstarch. Sift a little sugar and starch mixture over the top and put in a warm, dry place. Leave them for half an hour.

Then pour into a sifting pan, shake off the sugar, and pack in air-tight tins.

Candied fruits are always much appreciated at Christmas time, too. Mary Elizabeth gives the following directions for making candied orange peel.

#### Candied Orange Peel

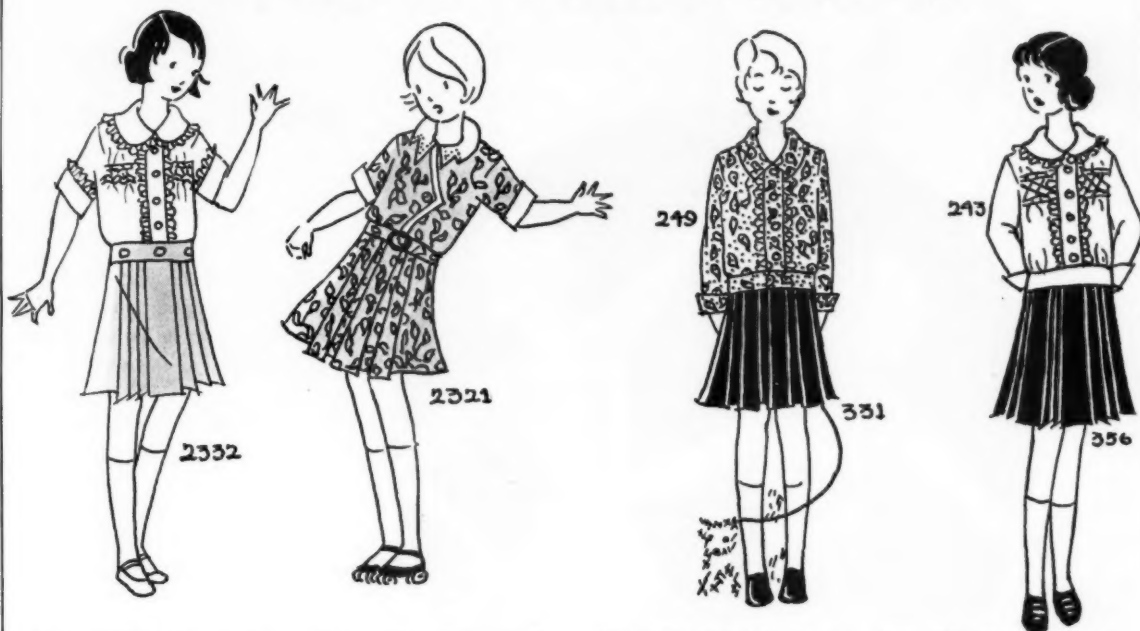
Cut fresh orange peel into fine strips. Cover with cold water; let it boil up quickly; then drain. Add more cold water; boil up quickly and drain again. Cover with cold water for the third time and cook until very tender. Drain and cover with this syrup:

For one and one half pounds of peel use three pounds of sugar and one and one half pints of water. Cook to 220 degrees. Pour this syrup over the peel and let it stand for twelve hours, or over night. After it has stood for twelve hours, drain the syrup off and cook it to 224 degrees. Pour this syrup over the peel again and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Drain and roll each strip of orange peel in granulated sugar and keep in air-tight containers.

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# MAN O' WAR

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**S**HOHIG TERZIAN of New York enumerates just about everything in her letter that we particularly want to talk about this month. So far, everyone seems to agree with her about *Vagabond's Ward*, but let us hear what the rest of you think about *The Kidnaping of Sally McBride*. Here is a copy of the letter that Shohig sent us.

"The real purpose of this letter is to praise the cover of the November issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It is so charming and expressive and very colorful. I hope you will have many more covers in the same style. The article on Edna St. Vincent Millay is just the article I had hoped you would publish soon. Will you please extend my congratulations to Sarah Carlton? I like her way of writing and I think she brought out the true character of Edna Millay. I was rather disappointed in *The Kidnaping of Sally McBride*. There was not much of a plot and the characters were 'fictitious', even Sally herself, in a way. I enjoy historical stories, especially about the thrilling days of the French Revolution. Consequently, *My Brother the Buccaneer* appealed to me. And *Vagabond's Ward* is simply supreme! I like Marjorie Provost's descriptions of her characters and scenes. I am certain that François Villon will be a delightful and gay person."

**A**ND NOW for what everybody thinks about the new serial! Polly Pettee Noyes of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania says: "The new serial *Vagabond's Ward* by Marjorie Provost is marvelous and the best serial you've published in a long time." Barbara Demane of Cardinal Troop Ten, Carpinteria, California says: "I did not care for the story, *Carmella Commands*, because there wasn't enough pep in it. *The Fork in the Road* was very good, but from the way *Vagabond's Ward* is starting, it will eclipse them all. The author proves that she has studied history and knows the life of Paris."

**M**MARGARET SEATON of Taylorville, Illinois writes: "I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has better and more interesting stories every month. The new serial *Vagabond's Ward* is as good as *The Fork in the Road*." She adds: "*Kidnaped* was very interesting, so do let's have more stories of that kind." Vera Man of Hollis, New York says: "I've finished reading the October *AMERICAN GIRL* and I'm much impressed by *Vagabond's Ward*. It has a good beginning.

## Well, of All Things!

The ending of *The Fork in the Road* was terrible! The other instalments were so good, though. The Scatter stories are very interesting, but I don't like the illustrations in them." We would like to hear some more opinions about the illustrations for the Scatter stories, so somebody write us right away!

**I**N OCTOBER we asked to hear what the general opinion is about happy endings for stories. One reply comes from Faith H. Varney of North Dighton, Massachusetts. She says: "Like Barbara Jean Wechter, I do not like as well the stories that end pleasantly. I wish that the girls would have to work harder for what they get. Please have some stories that don't always end in such a way as to benefit the heroine or hero." Marie Eisenback of Chicago, Illinois disagrees with Faith. She says in a postscript to her letter: "As you asked in this issue about stories with happy endings, I'll answer. I like stories with happy endings because one hears so many sad things that it does the ear good to hear of somebody being happy." But two answers on that important question aren't nearly enough. What do the rest of you think? We want to hear from you on this question, so be sure to write *Well, of All Things!* about it.

**W**E HAVE received a surprising letter from Marie J. Prentzel of Hollis, New York. We say "surprising" because it refers to the *Laugh and Grow Scout* page which is certainly one page which belongs absolutely to you readers. Marie says: "I have very few complaints and very many praises for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. My complaint is that I don't think much of *Laugh and Grow Scout*. The jokes are all very 'dry.' I don't think one that I have read has been funny. You would have to have a wonderful sense of humor to get a laugh out of

them." Marie, we're expecting you to send us some jokes right away to help us make the page more to your liking. Incidentally, it looks very much as if Teresa Wells of Livonia, New York disagrees with you. She writes: "I have especially liked *The Fork in the Road*. Also, I like the mystery stories very much and I hope there will be more of them. However, I do not care for poetry. But I like the page of jokes which is usually the first thing I read when I receive my magazine."

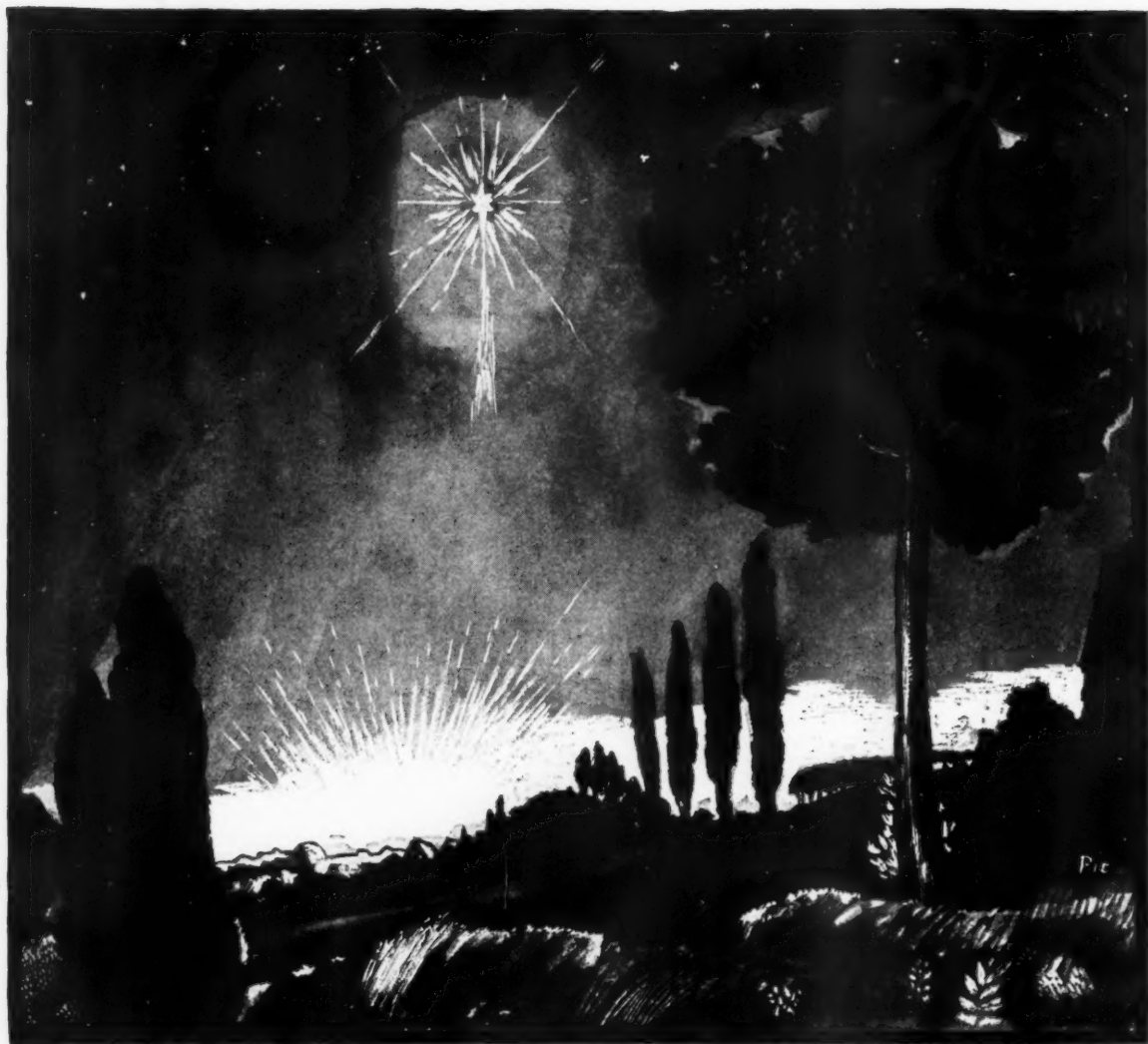
**H**ERE is a letter from an entire troop which Elsie Taber of Columbia, South Carolina sent us: "First I want to tell you how much we like our magazine—I may say 'our' because it really seems to belong to us Girl Scouts—in fact, it is indeed quite a member of our troop. Why, we would almost as soon lose our captain as our magazine. All the stories are great, but we especially like those about Scatter. Although the stories are fine, we believe the Merit Badge pages are even better for they give so much help as well as pleasure."

**A**ND NOW we have proof that the entire family reads *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! Several girls have written to *Well, of All Things!* that their mothers read our magazine. One mother wrote about it herself—remember? Two or three girls have told about their brothers reading it, even though they wouldn't admit it in public. Now, Flo Widmann of Spring Valley, New York writes us that her father reads our magazine! Here is her letter: "We very rarely find daddies who are interested in girls' magazines, but I have caught my dad reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* several times and he certainly seems to enjoy the stories. I particularly like 'I Am a Girl Who—'. There is always something helpful to me contained there. Thank you for the reminder. I surely would have forgotten my subscription expired in December. And again—more power to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*."

**O**H, AND this letter from Margaret Lowther of Milton, Wisconsin reminds us of one thing more. She says: "I think the winner of our hobby contest certainly had an interesting hobby." And that reminds us to tell you not to forget that the essay of the winner of the second prize, Charlotte G. Shapiro, is on the hobby page of this issue. You'll find Charlotte's hobby interesting too.

*Your magazine has exciting plans for the new year!*





## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

THE Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,  
His hair was like a light.  
(O weary, weary were the world,  
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,  
His hair was like a star.  
(O stern and cunning are the kings,  
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,  
His hair was like a fire.  
(O weary, weary is the world,  
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,  
His hair was like a crown,  
And all the flowers looked up at Him,  
And all the stars looked down.

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS  
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE · EDITOR

DECEMBER · 1930

## The Borrowed Party

**W**ELL, Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas this year! So decided Gretel Ames when her mother's letter came about a week before vacation began.

The girls of Miss Hubert's school always began talking of Christmas as soon as Thanksgiving was over. Phyllis Cadell, who roomed with Gretel, talked of the parties she was going to, exhibiting to her chums the square white envelopes which came, sometimes two and three in one day. "Another one! I'll be a wreck when I come back." And she had smiled proudly thinking of the wreck she would be. Dale Pierce was going to Bermuda with her mother for the holiday. There would be a celebration on ship-board. She talked about that.

Though Gretel was not receiving any engraved invitations, she had been anticipating the holiday as excitedly as the others. There would be parties in Winfield, too, not Phyllis' sort, but offering the fun Gretel most enjoyed, coasting parties, skating, hot suppers followed by merry games and informal dancing. And now here was this letter:

"My dear, I know just how you are going to feel when I tell you that Bart is down with the measles. And there isn't the slightest chance that Jimmy will escape them for he was with Bart over at Maltbie's. And then there's Ricky, for Ricky catches everything no matter how careful anyone is.

"We've talked it over and decided that

By JANE ABBOTT

it is much more sensible for you not to come home for Christmas. You couldn't go back until we are out of quarantine and you'd miss two or three weeks of school, very important weeks, too, just before examinations. We remembered that Aunt Caroline has written that she would like to have you visit her so I've wired to her and she has answered that it will be convenient to have you over the holidays. Of course I know that you are going to be bitterly disappointed and we are, too. But you must try to be happy at Aunt Caroline's—"

*Illustrations by  
Robb Beebe*



THEY WERE VERY  
BUSY HANGING GAY  
LANTERNS ON WIRES.  
THEY WERE GOING  
TO HAVE A PARTY

Aunt Caroline's! Gretel remembered from a visit some years ago the big quiet house where Aunt Caroline lived alone. It wouldn't be Christmas without the boys racing up and down stairs and shouting out to everyone and people coming in and all the jolly surprises Mother always planned—the gift she always forgot to put under the tree and brought out hours after everything else had been opened, pretending she really *had* forgotten it when you knew, just looking at her, that she hadn't. Oh, she'd rather stay right here at school with cranky old Mrs. Doby, the housekeeper, which would be about as horrid as anything anyone could imagine. But she'd rather—oh, why, *why* had Bart caught the measles just now!

"Who is Aunt Caroline?" Phyllis asked interestedly. Drearly Gretel

explained that Aunt Caroline was her mother's aunt and lived in Edgeborough. Oh, yes, Edgeborough was *big*, but who wanted a big place at Christmas time? And Aunt Caroline was old and everyone whom she knew was old—

Phyllis and Dale tried to comfort her, but their reassurances were half-hearted and Gretel could see that each was thanking her stars that *her* Christmas plans had not been spoiled.

"I'll write to you, Gretel, no matter how rushed I am. I promise I will. I'll write about every little thing that happens."

"I'll write from the ship, Gretel."

And even such promises left a little sting in Gretel's heart. Oh, yes, they'd write to her because they'd have a lot to write about. And she wouldn't have anything. They'd come back to school brimming with confidences and she could contribute nothing, because nothing worth the telling would happen at Aunt Caroline's.

And then the day before they were to leave school Phyllis blew in, wildly elated. "List to this, you girls. I've just heard from Lucille Cheney that her brother is going to bring Gordon Carter home with him for the vacation. How's that for a pretty break? Bill Cheney will drag him everywhere. You'll see! I'll come back with that boy's photograph! And he'll give it to me himself!"

Dale and Gretel, as indeed every girl in Miss Hubert's school and in every school where youth worshipped athletic prowess, knew who Gordon Carter was—the greatest half-back of the football year. Hadn't he saved the game for his college on one memorable November afternoon? Gretel and Phyllis and Dale, with the others huddled around the radio in the school reception room, had thrilled to the sound of his voice as, with boyish briefness and embarrassed stammering, he had acknowledged the honors heaped upon him. Each of them, the day after, had cut out his picture from the newspaper, a blur of chin and nose and helmet, but nevertheless sufficiently satisfying to sixteen-year-old admirers.

At Phyllis' announcement Dale looked as if she gladly would forego her trip to Bermuda for the opportunity of meeting the great Gordon Carter. And Gretel thought more gloomily than ever of Aunt Caroline's, where there would be no possibility of meeting *anyone* of enlivening interest. Both Gretel and Dale knew that Phyllis would come back with that photograph, if she made up her mind to have it! Probably Gordon Carter would write to Phyllis, too, afterward, and she'd be provokingly set-up when his letters came.

No, Christmas was spoiled as far as Gretel Ames was concerned! She'd simply exist until the day and the ten following days were over.

On the train she huddled tight in the corner of her seat and thought: "If I only were going home!" Her father and mother and the boys would be at the station to meet her, each trying to hug her first and the boys grabbing at her bags. She'd squeeze in between Bart and Dad on the front seat of the car and everyone would talk all at one and the same time. If she were going home—she had a sudden overwhelming longing for the feeling of the dear, familiar rooms of her home, cluttered as they always were with the boys' belongings, noisy, gay—

She began to cry a little and felt very sorry for herself and a very little bit better for her tears.

Anyway, maybe Aunt Caroline would give her something especially nice this year, to make up to her. Last year she'd sent a party dress she'd brought from Paris, but it had been pink, the pinkest of pink, and she couldn't wear pink with her red hair. It was like Aunt Caroline to forget that her hair was red. But this year she'd see that it was, and that pink simply wouldn't go with it at all.

Or maybe Aunt Caroline would think of a wrist watch,

a little one. Or one of those traveling bags, fitted out with tricky toilet things—comb and brush, hand mirror and all. It was diverting to speculate on what Aunt Caroline might give her, and presently Gretel was aware of snowy fields and hills and woods and unfamiliar towns through which the train whistled its way.

But that little lift of spirit ebbed on the instant of following the chauffeur, who had met her at the station, into the great hall of Aunt Caroline's house. The house was so very still! She remembered how, on that other visit when she'd come here with her mother, a maid had taken them to Aunt Caroline. It would be so nice now if just someone would rush at her, as if her coming were a glad thing.

"Miss Gretel? Mrs. Bainly is in her sitting room." It was Anna, the same maid, and at once she was following Anna up the winding stairway, stepping on tip-toe.

Aunt Caroline's greeting was kindly and her questions were kindly, about school and the last word from home and the sick boys, and her journey, but when Gretel had answered them there did not seem to be anything else to talk about. And then Anna took her to her room.

"Dinner is at seven o'clock, Miss Gretel."

And after dinner she'd sit with Aunt Caroline again. The holidays would be like that; breakfast in her room from a tray—that had amused her four years ago, but it couldn't amuse her now—and then luncheon with Aunt Caroline. And then they'd ride somewhere or make calls on Aunt Caroline's friends or receive Aunt Caroline's friends at home, and then dinner again, at seven, always at seven. Aunt Caroline might take her to the theatre or to a concert—but who wanted to go to the theatre or hear a concert at Christmas time?

Anna awakened her the next morning. "A nice winter day, Miss Gretel," she announced as though her news must gladden Gretel, when its being a nice winter day could only make Gretel sadder.

But as she ate, and heartily, notwithstanding her heavy heart, she became aware of voices outside, of laughter and shouting. She went to the wide window that gave view of Aunt Caroline's yard and garage and the big yard of the house adjacent to Aunt Caroline's on the rear. This had been flooded for a skating rink and half a dozen young people were madly playing an improvised game of hockey upon it. They were bare-

headed, red-cheeked, loudly eager in their gay contesting. "Take that, Jacky," a tall, thin boy shouted. "Oh, what a fumble!"

"Hy, guard there, will you?"

Gretel watched, nose tight against the cold window pane. She adored hockey. She played the game with them now. The tall boy was quick as lightning, like Jimmie. The girl he had called Jacky wasn't much on skates but she





was attractive! Her yellow bobbed hair took on a thin sheen of gold from the winter sun. Oh, they were having fun!

"Who are the people who live back of you, Aunt Caroline?" she asked at lunch.

Aunt Caroline considered the question for all the world as if she were not aware of anyone living anywhere near her, and Anna answered.

"They're new people." Anna said it just as Aunt Caroline might have said it—"new people" and because they were new in Edgeborough there wasn't anything more to be said about them.

Gretel spent most of that afternoon at her window. And most of the next day, though it was the day before Christmas. She knew now that Jacky and the tall boy, Dick, lived in the house and that the smaller girl was a younger sister and that the others came in. She liked Jacky, and Dick made her think of Jimmie, Jimmie as he'd look when he was older.

For Christmas Eve Aunt Caroline had invited to dinner her friend Mrs. Darrow and her granddaughter who was Gretel's age. But though both Gretel and Cecille Darrow kept up a little chatter neither tried to find any real interest in the other.

"I wonder what Jacky's doing," Gretel kept thinking all the time.

And when the dinner guests had gone she flew to her window. There were bright lights in the other house but no one was in sight. Gretel felt slightly disappointed.

"They're trimming the Christmas tree somewhere," Gretel told herself with a rush of homesickness. And she lay awake for a long time,

thinking of Jacky and Dick and the younger sister trimming their tree, and of Jimmie and the smaller boys at home, of Phyllis, probably dancing at one of her parties, maybe dancing right this minute with Gordon Carter!

The next morning Anna brought her tray as usual, but it was loaded with tissue-wrapped packages. "Merry Christmas," Anna offered putting her burden down upon the bed.

Something from Mother, from Dad, from each of the boys. Mother had planned that each gift should be a surprise. Oh, a wrist watch! "To our dear, good girl." With Jimmie's gift was a ridiculous poem. Poor sick little Bart had scrawled a line. "You're lucky not to be in bed today."

Gretel hugged her gifts to her, her eyes brimming with tears. Oh, how she wanted to hug each one of them. How she wanted the noise and the laughter, the smell of the Christmas tree, the fun of peeking into the oven at the roasting turkey, everything, everything that was Christmas at home!

Another package remained unopened, a big flat package. From Aunt Caroline, of course. She put her precious gifts aside to open the box. Out of it she drew a soft woolly sweater suit, skirt, jacket, sweater, cap—but it was rose-colored! Aunt Caroline had *not* noticed her red hair!

Now she cried, half-amused, wholly vexed. She'd have to pretend that she liked it. Maybe she'd even have to wear it, while she was here. It was a beautiful garment, costly, too, but oh, why, why was it rose?

Anna reappeared with her breakfast, and Gretel showed her her gifts. She read Jimmie's poem to Anna, just for the sake of hearing it aloud herself.

Not until Anna had gone did she go to her window.

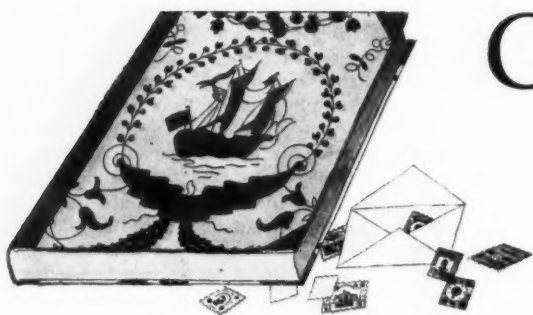
The young people were out on the skating rink but they were not skating. They were very busy hanging gay paper lanterns on wires which had been strung from poles, festooning greens over the wires. They were going to have a party out there on the ice, a jolly party, such as Gretel loved, not Phyllis' sort. Her whole heart ached with envy.

That envy clung to her throughout the quiet day. It pricked her while she sat beside Aunt Caroline in church, it choked her through dinner and during the ride with Aunt Caroline. It spoiled the Christmas letter she wrote to her father and mother and the boys. She couldn't, she *couldn't* write that she was having a happy Christmas.

It kept her away from her window though she could hear the young people outside, still busy with the preparations. She kept away un- (Continued on page 39)



PRESENTLY A PIERROT STOPPED GRETEL AND THE COWBOY. "HERE, LET ME HAVE A TURN WITH MOLLY. YOU ARE MOLLY ALLAN. YOU CAN'T FOOL ME." GRETEL LAUGHED



A STAMP ALBUM COVERED IN SHIP PAPER WILL PLEASE BROTHER

**A**LONG comes Christmas! The nearer it comes, the more you feel your purses and rack your brains and wonder what you can afford to buy that will be half nice enough for all the people on that Christmas list. Of course, the family comes first, Mother and Father and big sister and little sister and big brother, or somebody else's big brother, and your best friend, and all the next-best friends. There's the nice old lady across the way, and the cunning baby down the street who doesn't have as many pretty things as babies should have and the lonesome looking little girl who would just love an unexpected gift.

Luckily there isn't enough money in your pocketbook to buy half the presents you'd like to give. I say luckily, because after all, half the joy would be gone out of Christmas if you could just go out and buy everything you wanted for all your friends. It's the planning and making things yourselves, and hiding them in the top bureau drawer, and giving with the extra joy of having them your own handiwork, that really makes Christmas.

With paper and paste and a little patience you can make fascinating gifts out of loads of things that you either have in your own house, or can get for nothing at the corner drug store or the notion counter or the paper-hangers. Boxes—hat boxes, cigar boxes, stationery boxes, shoe boxes—all of them have wonderful possibilities. Sheets of thick cardboard, left-over strips of wallpaper, pieces of colored Christmas wrapping paper, small scraps of fancy papers from the insides of envelopes, every sort of pasteboard and paper will be useful. All you will need to buy are a couple of flat brushes, at the ten-cent store, half or three-quarters of an inch wide, some glue or paste and a small bottle of white shellac. If you are covering big things like hat boxes, it is cheaper to make your own paste out of flour and water, just as the paper-hangers do.

Here are drawings of a few of the lovely gifts that you can make for everybody in the family. After you have got your materials together and have started work you will think of lots of other easy things that you'll just have to finish before you stop. You'll be fascinated by the work!

### Cigar Box

First of all let's take the cigar box that you asked the corner druggist to give you. It's one of the extra nice kind with a top that turns down around the edge and has a little clasp. You will have to tell him some time ahead to save it for you, because he probably has only one or two with the very best cigars in them, and they sell slowly. This cigar

# Christmas Gifts

HELEN PERRY CURTIS *tells how you*

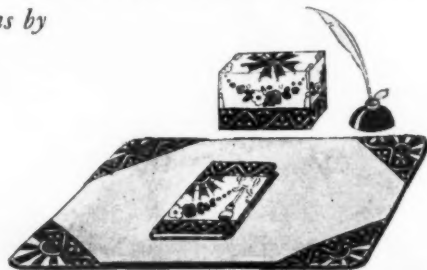
box you can make up to give to Father to keep cigars and cigarettes in, or to big brother, filled with your best brand of home-made candy, or to Mother, with a velvet lining to hold her jewelry. The one shown in the illustration was specially designed for a father who loved Scotty dogs. It is covered with the doggiest kind of Christmas wrapping paper printed in black and white, and is lined with a bright red Chinese paper with a funny bit of Chinese valentine inside of the lid.

You must do a lot of planning before you start cutting. First try your paper on the box in various ways and decide just how you want the pattern to fit. On the wrong side of your paper, mark off the size of the top of your box, then lay your box on this pattern and decide how to trim the paper so that it will run down over the sides and ends of your box. Trim it carefully and clip the corners out, being careful not to clip them too closely as it is easy to trim them off later. It is usually a good idea to leave the end pieces a little long, as shown by the dotted line in the diagram (on page fifty-six), and paste these on and turn them around the corner first, gluing down the side pieces later. In this way you are sure to get the corners nicely covered.

When you have your paper planned and cut, lay it wrong side up on a piece of newspaper and, with your brush, cover it quickly with glue or paste, then set the box upon it, turn it up and smooth the top on with a soft cloth. Next turn the ends down, making them fit nicely around the corners, trimming as you work if the paper is not quite even. Then turn the sides and pat it all over. Do the same thing with the bottom of your box and while it is still damp, shellac it all over with your other brush. Shellac combined with glue makes the

paper stick very tightly to the box. If you are using library paste or flour paste, it is better to let the box dry before adding the shellac. Line the inside in the same way, drawing your pattern and cutting the paper carefully and trimming it as you go along. After you've worked a little while you can decide for yourself whether it is easier to put the glue on the paper or directly on the box. It is always a good thing to have a whole newspaper spread out under your work and keep folding it over to a fresh page each time you have completed one operation on the work, so that you will not get everything stuck up with glue. If you wish to line the box with velvet for Mother, cut the velvet in the

Illustrations by  
Cornelia  
Brownlee



THE THREE PIECE DESK SET IS JUST THE THING FOR MOTHER OR SISTER

# for Everyone

*can make them with paper and glue*

same way as the paper and paste it in the bottom, sides and top, only in this case you will not use the shellac, of course.

## Desk Set

The desk set would be lovely for any member of your family who has a desk. For Father or brother you will want to make it in a big size to fit an office desk. For Mother or sister, just half as large for their smaller desks. The blotting paper comes in sheets twenty-four inches long by seventeen inches wide, so it is a good thing to make your pad either in the large size or exactly half as big.

Cut a piece of heavy cardboard half an inch wider all around than the blotting paper size. For the big one it would be twenty-four and a half by seventeen and a half inches; for the small one, twelve and one half by seventeen and a half inches. Cover the cardboard with a smooth piece of brown paper an inch wider than the cardboard and turn it under all around. The pad will look nicer if you round off the corners just the least little bit, taking off not more than half an inch at the point. Cut four triangular pieces of soft cardboard or heavy wrapping paper for the corners, each side six inches long. Then choose the paper with which you wish to cover them. A bordered paper was selected for the desk set shown in the illustration. Paste it smoothly onto your four triangles with the border at the long edge. Then paste your corners onto the pad, allowing half an inch to turn over on the back. Slip a thin piece of cardboard or a folded piece of paper under each corner before pasting so that you will leave it loose enough for the blotter to clip in. When the corners are finished, cover the bottom with brown paper or a paper with a small figure in it cut so that it comes about an eighth of an inch from the edge. Varnish all over and set aside to dry.

The address book is covered with the same paper as the corners, with a border top and bottom. After it is turned in at the edges, paste the fly-leaves down to make a nice finish inside.

The stationery box is covered with the border at the bottom and the design nicely matched on top. A stamp book could also be covered with the same attractive paper, es-



A SPECIALLY BOUND BOOK IS A FINE GIFT FOR ANY OF THE FAMILY

pecially if you wish—and can afford the time and expense—to give it with the desk set as a combination present.

## Bound Book

A specially bound book would be a beautiful gift for any member of the family, big or little. Be sure to select a book that does not have an all-over design on the cover. The cover should be plain at least for an inch and a half in from the back and at the corners.

For the book cover, choose a paper in a small, rather dark design that will blend with the original cover of the book. Cut one edge straight and lay it on the book so that an inch and a quarter or an inch and a half of the original binding will be left at the back edge. Center your pattern on the book and crease the paper at the other three edges of the book. Then trim off the paper an inch outside of the creases, lay your paper on the book again and turn back the two corners on the outside, creasing the paper so that a triangle of the original cover shows about an inch and a half wide at each edge. Cut off these corners directly on the crease. Cut the back cover to match. Put the glue on the paper, lift it and lay it carefully on the book, being careful that the glue does not smear the parts



THIS BOX IS FOR A FATHER WHO LOVES SCOTT'S DOGS

of the book that you wish to leave uncovered. Turn the edges down inside the cover, smooth down firmly and allow to dry. Then open the front cover of your book and measure very carefully the width from edge to edge of the cover and fly leaf together, allowing about a quarter of an inch for tuck-in at the binding. Measure and cut out a piece of finely patterned paper, cover it with glue and put it in for the end papers. If, as you are working, you find that this paper does not exactly fit, you can trim it as you go along. It should cover the front cover within an eighth of an inch from the edge, and the fly leaf entirely.

When you have finished both covers and end papers you may shellac the outside of the book if you wish. This will make it more durable for handling. From an ordinary book you will have made a volume that any book lover will prize. It makes an unusual gift, showing personal thought.

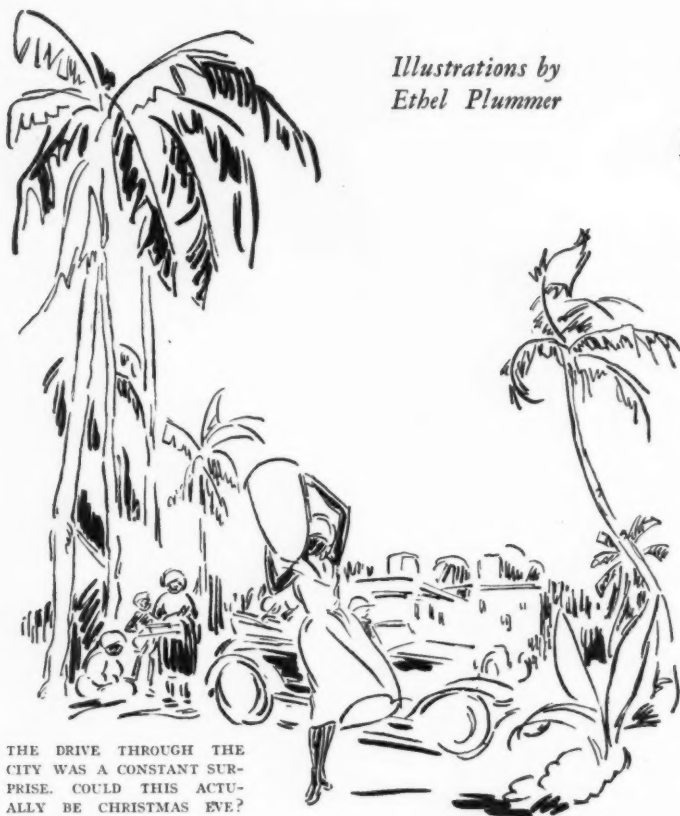
## Stamp Album

If brother already has a stamp album you can surprise him by putting on a new cover. If he hasn't, perhaps you or some other member of the family can get one for him. For this cover, choose an especially suitable paper, such as a map paper or a boat, like the one shown. If the back and corners of the book are of a plain (Continued on page 56)



BIG SISTER WOULD LOVE A TRICKY HAT BOX THAT OPENS ON A HINGE





THE DRIVE THROUGH THE CITY WAS A CONSTANT SURPRISE. COULD THIS ACTUALLY BE CHRISTMAS EVE?

ANYTHING can happen in Haiti! A pair of new shoes and two burnt matches may prove the opening of the door to a weird adventure. Old Liane, the cook, possessed the shoes—a pair of new leather ones that laced over her flat, splay feet—the first that had ever been hers in all her sixty-five years. Old Liane had actually wept with joy when she received them for Christmas. And as for the two burnt matches! But we are anticipating!—

Christmas Eve in Haiti—and the big, Panama liner had just docked at Port-au-Prince. The doctor almost ran down the lengthy wharf—though running isn't usually done in that tropical heat!—in his eagerness to board the incoming liner and greet his son and daughter who were even at that moment peering over the rail on an upper deck, to catch the first glimpse of him. At the sight of his stout, puffing, white-clad figure, they waved and shouted excitedly. He raced up the gangplank and disappeared on the deck below, to reach them from the interior a few minutes later.

"Dad's looking as fit as usual, in spite of the heat," remarked Dave Haviland, "and terribly set-up about seeing us. Maybe it won't be so bad after all to spend the Christmas holidays here. Though I hated like sin to



THEY WERE EVEN AT THAT MOMENT PEERING OVER THE SHIP'S RAIL TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF HIM

# The Voice

Beginning a two-part mystery

By AUGUSTA

give up that invitation for a week at the Craigs'. I'd have been willing to spend the other week alone in Princeton boning for that math exam next month, just for the sake of the week with Anson Craig. He's certain to make the football team next year—you'll see!—and he sure is a peach of a fellow. Well, anyhow, I got an extra week off this way and that's something to be thankful for!"

"Oh, you haven't any kick coming!" retorted his sister, Jean, heatedly. "Think what I missed out on—that gorgeous Christmas house-party at Marian Wakely's—and after that the motor trip to Virginia Hot Springs with the Bancrofts. I tell you I was just sick when that telegram came from Dad ordering me to join you at the steamer in New York and spend the holidays with him down in this awful place. If he hadn't had our tickets all arranged for, I'd have wired him to let me off."

"Dad's lonesome, you know," offered her brother soberly, "and he's been down here more than a year without seeing us. If Mother were living it would be different. But you can't blame him for wanting us around once in a

while, especially at Christmas."

"But he's coming up anyhow, next summer, and I've been so beastly seasick on this horrible trip! Do you realize, Dave, that this morning is the first I've been up and around since we passed Cape Hatteras, and—"

"Hush up!" interrupted Dave. "Here comes Dad on deck and you've got to bury the complaining and act happy!"

The next few moments were a confusion of greetings, embraces, half-heard explanations and questions, in which Jean strove with more or less success to express the very genuine love she felt for her father and stifle her disappointment over the turn her holidays had taken. She had undoubtedly weathered a terrifically rough trip, most of which she had spent in her berth, and she looked it. Her father's practiced eye was searching her face while he chucked her playfully under the chin.

"You look peaked, young lady! A bit green about the gills, but we'll soon fix that. Dave here is as fit as a fiddle. Guess the sea-trip agreed with him! But come along now. We'll see your baggage through the Customs—it won't take long—then we'll have lunch in the Port, and after that I've got a surprise for you both. We're going to fly from here to my place out at Hinche. I've a very special concession to take you as passengers on the mail-plane that goes from the Port to Cape Haitien. It stops at Hinche to leave mail. Thought it might be a new experience for you both. Are you pleased about it?"



# in the Dark

story of Christmas Eve in the tropics

HUIELL SEAMAN

"Pleased?" gasped Jean. "I'm thrilled absolutely to pieces! I never expected such a piece of luck in my life. Marian Wakely flew once, just out at one of the flying fields with a cousin of hers, who's an aviator, and she's been the envy of the school ever since. What will they say when they hear what I've done!" She began to think it wasn't going to be so bad after all.

Dave grinned his maturer appreciation. "Gosh, it's going to be bully, Dad! A fellow at Princeton promised to take me up sometime, but he never has. How far do we go?"

"Not quite a hundred miles," answered his father, "but it's over some mountain scenery, a pretty gorgeous spectacle. But let's hurry now, for we haven't too much time before we're due at the flying field. The mail-plane can't wait for late passengers, and we've still to get our lunch."

The drive through the city to the hills behind the Port, where they were to lunch, was a constant astonishment to the latest comers from the snowy United States. Could this actually be *Christmas Eve*?—everyone in white clothes or thin, summery costumes, purple bougainvillea, pink coral vine, flaming hibiscus billowing over the walls and flaunting in every garden, dark faces everywhere framed in bewilderingly glaring turbans, small black boys peddling *petits gateaux* or little cakes and sticky sugar sweetmeats, bells ringing from the cathedral, a babel of Haitian French *patois* from the market place, frowzy little donkeys with enormous burdens blocking the narrow streets, and noise, noise, of every conceivable kind, from every conceivable direction.

While they were lunching at the American Club, with the view of the city and the turquoise harbor spread out below them, the doctor explained that though they were to fly to Hinche—the little town far in the mountains where the new hospital of which he had charge was located, and where his own tiny bung-

alow was situated—they were not to spend the holidays in that lovely spot. Jean and Dave looked up expectantly.

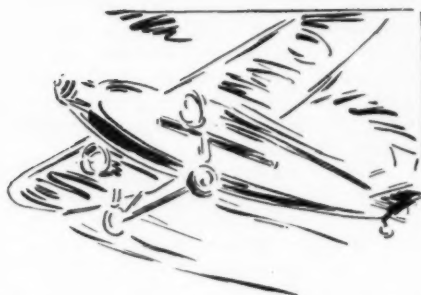
"There's no room or suitable place for you," he declared, "and it's too close to my work. I'd never have a moment's peace if I tried to take a rest there. I'm due for a vacation for a few days, and as there's nothing important on at the hospital just now, and as I was able to get another doctor to take my place, I've arranged for our stay at the little 'Rest House', as it's called, over at Plaisance. It's a pretty little bungalow far up in the mountains, maintained by the Haitian *gendarmerie*, for any who want to get away for a change and relaxation. There is a native watchman who lives near it and who is supposed to keep it in order, but you have to bring your own provisions and bedding. I went there yesterday with my old cook, Liane, and we got the place in shape for our stay. We'll spend Christmas and perhaps a day or so besides up there and then I'll take you back to the Port and you can revel in the Christmas doings at the Marine Barracks till it's time for your steamer. But I wanted a little quiet time by ourselves at the Rest House first. It will be a novel kind of Christmas for you."

Though none guessed it at the moment, it was to be a far more novel Christmas than even the doctor supposed!

It was nearly dark when their car approached the Rest House—the sudden, swooping dark of the tropics. All through the finish of the breath-taking, tortuous climb, the setting sun had thrown a glory over the mountain peaks and deep purple shadows into the valleys.

Jean suddenly relaxed in the seat beside her father and drew a long, sighing breath. She felt as though her head were in the maddest whirl she had ever experienced in all her sixteen years. Regrets for Marian Wakely's house-party had long since faded from her memory. From the moment she had stepped into the waiting mail-plane at the flying field outside Port-au-Prince, not a thought of the festivities she had forfeited entered her mind. What, after all, were such trifles, compared to the amazing plains and mountains of Haiti, unrolling beneath them in such warm splendor?

"For the first time in my life, I know what a bird's-eye view



THE DARKNESS WAS INTENSE, FOR THE MOON HAD NOT YET RISEN. "I DON'T LIKE IT!" SHE MUTTERED, "IT ALL SEEMS SPOOKY TO ME."

is like!" she had thought, and would have liked to communicate her thought to the others. But the terrific roar of the motors had drowned any possibility of that. When they had teetered at last to a stop on the landing-field outside the little mountain village of Hinche, her father had hurried them both over to his car which was waiting at the side.

"When we leave the Rest House after Christmas," he had promised, "we'll drive back to the Port through here and I'll show you my place and the hospital and all that. But we'll have to hurry along now to get to the Rest House before dark. It's still a long drive to take over the mountains."

Now the little red and yellow bungalow glowed for a moment like a gilded eagle's aerie in the last rays of the sun, when they entered the enclosure in which it stood. Then it grew suddenly dark, and the rustle of a rising wind in the pendant banana leaves began to make a continued, murmuring sound. In the doorway of the bungalow stood a tall, gaunt, intensely black Haitian peasant woman. In the light of the kerosene lamp behind her in the room, her white turban stood out with a startling brilliance.

"This is Liane, my cook and faithful helper ever since I came to Haiti," said the doctor, introducing her. "She doesn't speak much English, so you'd better brush up on any French you can muster. These are my children, Liane. But what in the name of everything is this decoration over the door?" He peered through his big spectacles at a pair of large-sized, very pointed, high-laced woman's shoes, suspended by the lacing on a nail over the doorway. A volume of quick Haitian French from Liane enlightened him, and he turned laughingly to his children.

"It's just like them!" he chuckled. "Liane doesn't think our exterior decorations are adequate for the occasion. And, not finding anything else of sufficient importance to use, she's donated her own new shoes that she purchased in Port last week—or at least got me to purchase for her! I gave her the money as a Christmas gift, and this is what she has done with it. They're her most cherished possession. She never owned a pair of shoes in her life before and the mere possession of them has no doubt altered her whole status in life."

Suddenly the whole thing seemed rather pitiful to Jean, and the gaunt black woman took on a more poignant interest for her which she could not forget even when her father had taken them inside and shown them the Christmas tree—a New England spruce he had had sent down specially from the States and trimmed with tissue-paper ornaments and a few wax candles that he'd been able to obtain in Port-au-Prince. And in lieu of Christmas greens and holly, he had draped the walls with palm fronds.

It was in this somewhat incongruous setting that they sat down to a quite delicious meal, rather awkwardly served by a young Haitian peasant girl imported for the occasion. In the tiny kitchen Liane

could be heard dictating orders in pattering French to a horde of Haitian small fry who clustered around the door. Where they had accumulated from in this lonely region was something Jean could not as yet fathom. The meal had progressed to a dessert of *papayas* and Haitian grapefruit, when there came a curious interruption.

Liane herself stalked into the room with her free, swinging stride and addressed some staccato Haitian sentences to the doctor. An expression of annoyance crossed his face for just a second, but quickly disappeared as he got up and threw aside his napkin.

"Too bad! Too bad," he exclaimed ruefully. "I thought I could be quit of this sort of thing for a few days, but a doctor is never free. Liane tells me a native just came in to say that a child has been seriously hurt somewhere between Plaisance and Ennery. It happened earlier in the day and he's walked all this way to get me. No question about it—I'll have to go. But perhaps it won't take so long. I'll be back as soon as I can."

He hurried into his bedroom to get his emergency kit and some operating necessities and came out with a parting word of advice.

"It's going to be a nice moonlight night and you'll probably want to stroll around a bit, but don't go too far. These trails around the mountains are numerous and confusing and it's easy to get lost. You'd be perfectly safe, but it wouldn't be particularly comfortable. Go to bed if I'm not back in season. Liane will see that you have everything you need. This isn't an ideal way to have to spend Christmas Eve, but we'll make it up tomorrow. Goodbye for a little while. I may be back in an hour or two." Personal interest was completely obliterated by the necessity of his calling now. He made an abrupt exit into the night and presently they heard his car chugging away in the darkness.

After he had gone, Jean and her brother sat staring at each other across the lamplit table. They were all at once acutely conscious of the night wind churning about among the tattered banana leaves outside, the stare of numerous

alien eyes peering in at them furtively from the doorways, the incongruous and rather pathetic Christmas tree in the corner, the rhythmic clashing of cocoanut palm fronds beside the house.

Jean shivered an instant and had some difficulty in keeping the tears from gathering under her lashes. She was tired from the trip and the excitement of the day, and the earlier exhilaration seemed suddenly to have dropped away. But Dave's keen eye noticed it and he got up abruptly from the table. (Continued on page 37)



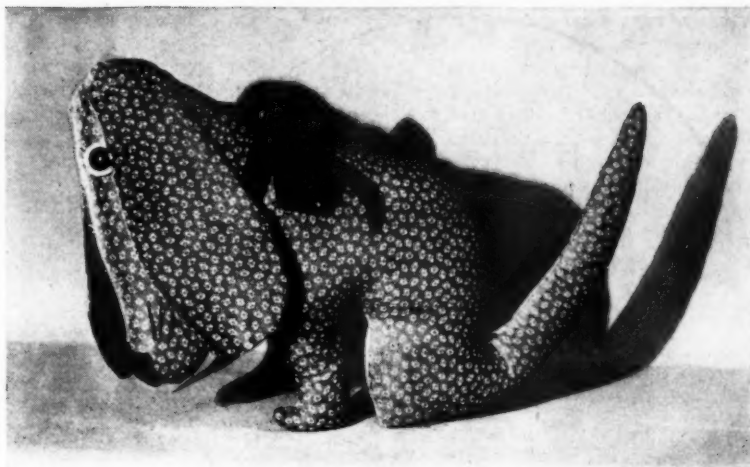
THEY SAW A PAIR OF LARGE SIZED, LACED SHOES HUNG OVER THE DOORWAY WHERE LIANE GREETED THEM

Ethel Plummer

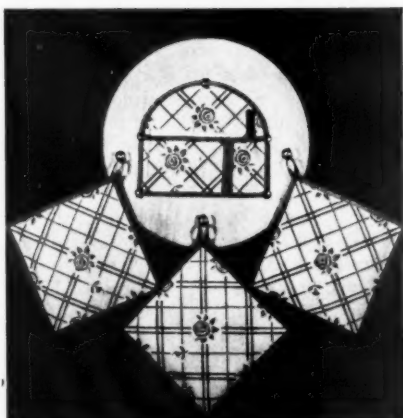


By ANNA COYLE

A child will adore the funny red calico dog shown at the right. A boarding school girl will find him no end of amusement for her room. And best of all you can make him yourself from twenty inches of calico, a scrap of velvet, a bit of ribbon, a strand of floss and a button-eye. Velvet or velveteen may be substituted for calico and in that case the dog's body is of black, his ears are lined with pink, and his nose and whiskers are pink. The diagram on page fifty-four will help you cut your pattern.



## A Page of Gifts



They have gone like hot cakes in the shops, these dainty handkerchief cases like the one shown at the left of the photograph below. The top is made of interlaced ribbon in two pastel shades. The back and lining are of plain colored satin to match one shade of the ribbon. A layer of cotton wadding inside carries the sachet. Shown also in the picture below are a linen initialed handkerchief with a rolled hem for Father, a party set of a gardenia and a chiffon handkerchief for almost anyone, and a coat hanger and slipper toes. The slipper toes are fashioned from two pieces of glazed chintz cut heart-shaped, sewed together on the wrong side, turned, stuffed with cotton, and caught together with a satin ribbon. The hanger is encased in chintz. The chiffon handkerchief is eighteen inches square; its edge may be rolled or picoted. The doll is four inches high and mounted on a cone-shaped cardboard also four inches in height. It is clothed in six handkerchiefs caught with pins.

Mothers often like practical gifts best. The set shown above consists of three hot-plate holders and a divided oilcloth pocket for pad and pencils. To make the holders, cut six six-inch squares of oilcloth. Place two pieces with wrong sides together, with two layers of canton flannel between. Bind with bias tape. The pocket, six inches wide by five and one-half inches deep is attached with thumb tacks to a board ten inches in diameter.



The girl who knows block printing may add to her Christmas list a box of this intriguing stationery (left). Initials, monograms, or sports silhouettes are the motifs. The paper is in delicate colors or is rough textured craft paper and the design is printed in colored printers' ink. The motif itself is cut in linoleum and mounted on a small wood block. You may want to make some book plates too, like the ones at the extreme left.

All articles, except dog, by courtesy of R. H. Macy and Company



PRUE WAS WHAT THE MISTRESSES  
CALLED A "THOROUGHLY GOOD CHILD"

**G**IVE a dog a bad name and you might as well bury him—and once let a girl at school get a reputation as a prig and you might almost as well send her outright to Coventry and have done with it. The results, for the girl, are not very different.

Just how Prue Langham had gained her unenviable reputation, nobody in Four B was quite able to say. It hadn't been acquired by any one special exhibition of priggishness. It was just a long accumulation of little things. To start with, she was never late. Punctually at ten minutes to nine each morning, punctually at ten minutes to two each afternoon, she passed through the gates of Hill House School. Five minutes later she had left the cloakroom and was on her way to the classroom, and, as the school clock struck the hour, she would be found seated at her desk, with her books laid out and her pens and pencils in readiness to begin the lesson directly the mistress who was taking it should arrive. Nobody in Four B could remember Prue's being late, or arriving without her books, or rushing into the classroom with outdoor shoes unchanged just in time to avoid a late mark, as so many less saintly people did.

And then she never brought sweets or apples into the classroom, never wrote notes in class, talked when the mistress was absent, played noughts and crosses during a dull lesson or whispered to her next-door neighbor when standing in line. She never rioted in the cloakroom, or cheeked prefects, or wandered into forbidden places, never tried to skip physical jerks, or pleaded a non-existent headache as an excuse for badly-done prep. Indeed, she had no reason to do the latter, for her prep never *was* badly done. In short, she was what the mistresses at Hill House described as a "thoroughly good child"—and what the school in general, and Four B in particular, called uncompromisingly, a "prig"—"the biggest prig in the British Empire!"

"I never knew *anyone* whose name suited her better! Prudence—Miss Prude—Prunes and Prisms—Priggy Prue! Her godfathers and godmothers couldn't have given her a more suitable name if they'd known what she was going to grow up like. They must have had second sight to have chosen a name like that," declared Angela Nichols, whose own Christian name fitted her moral character so badly that

# Prunes and Prisms

By CHRISTINE CHAUNDLER

*Illustrations by Vera Clare*

her intimate friends fell back upon her surname and generally called her "Nickie." That suited her lots better.

She made the declaration in break one morning after Prue had been held up as an example to the form by Miss Treloar, Four B's form mistress. It was Monday morning, and Four B had come in for some scathing comments from Miss Rogers, the headmistress, at mark-reading on account of the record number of late marks and order marks it had accumulated during the previous week. Miss Treloar, in the usual manner of form mistresses, had improved the occasion afterwards in the classroom.

"I do not wonder that Miss Rogers was so shocked. The number of order marks and late marks gained every week by this form is disgraceful. Angela Nichols has already *ten* late marks and seven order marks to her credit. Elizabeth Brown has nine late marks and six order marks. Edith Weldon has been late six times and has five order marks. Marjorie Harkness has five order marks and has been late five times. And it is not yet half term. Prudence Langham is the only girl in the form who has as yet no bad mark against her name. If I recollect aright, you had no bad marks all last term, either, had you, Prudence?"

"N-n-no, Miss Treloar," stammered Prue, growing pink.

"Had you any the term before that?"

"N-n-n-no, Miss Treloar," Prue stammered again, her pinkness deepening to crimson.

"Let me see. You started school last autumn. You have been here two terms and a half, and you have as yet had no bad mark of any kind. That is very creditable, very creditable indeed. I wish the other members of this form were half as good! Prue Langham's record goes to show how entirely unnecessary all these late marks and order marks are. If one girl can keep clear of them for nearly three terms, there is no reason why others should not at least endeavor to follow her example."

Prue listened to Miss Treloar's praises with drooping head and such a look of misery on her face that a deaf observer would have been convinced that she was being severely censured instead of commended—as indeed, she would much rather have been! Prue knew well enough the opinion that her companions had of her, and she didn't enjoy her own reputation for godliness at all. Prue had no special desire to be good and win the favor of mistresses. She would far rather have been naughty, if by so being she could have been popular with the other girls in the way that Beth Barnes and Nickie were. But poor Prue was so shy and quiet by nature, that naughtiness was beyond her. She simply couldn't bring herself to break rules and do mischievous things—she could only look on with longing eyes when Nickie and Beth and the other members of Four B did them. She knew well enough that Miss Tre-

loar's praise of her now would make Four B despise her more than ever. And she hung her head and grew red with shame and misery, and when break came and the rest of the form rushed off to the canteen to drink milk and eat biscuits and buns and discuss the happenings of the morning, she slipped away by herself and found a quiet corner in the cloakroom, where she sat down on the top of a boot-locker to think matters out.

"If I could only show them that I don't really want to be priggish," she said to herself with a sigh. "If only I were brave enough to do something really naughty, then perhaps they'd like me better and be friends, and talk to me and walk with me sometimes. It is so horrible always to be left alone! I do wish I could think of something awfully, awfully bad to do!"

But when you've been good all your life, it isn't as easy as some people might think to turn bad all in a minute. Prue racked her brains all that day and the only thing awful that she could think of to do, was to be deliberately late for school the next morning. And when it came to the point, she wasn't even able to manage that! For her mother started her away from home in such good time that the only possible hope of arriving at Hill House late was to go the longest way round and dawdle in front of every shop window, and, as luck would have it, who should come along but Miss Treloar herself, and who insisted upon walking to school with her, all the way. What was the good of marking in late in the classroom when your form mistress knew for a fact that you had passed through the school gates a good ten minutes earlier?

Prue tried a different plan the next morning. She got to school earlier than usual and hid herself in a secluded corner, meaning to wait until the bell had stopped ringing before presenting herself in the classroom. But once again Fate was against her. She was discovered by a prefect, who, unable to make head or tail of her confused explanation of what she was doing and noting her flushed cheeks, jumped to the conclusion that she must have walked too fast to school in the hot sun—it was a very hot morning—and marched her off to the rest room and handed her over to the nurse's care, promising kindly, as she left her, that she would make excuses to Miss Treloar. The nurse, too, was quite concerned at Prue's distressed condition—warm wasn't the word for it, by this time!—and made her lie down for a little while and gave her a cooling drink. And, of course, since Prue had been excused for illness, there was no late mark awarded. And Miss Treloar was kind and sympathetic and the next morning, when Prue really *did* contrive to be late, having thoughtfully left her gloves at home and gone back for them—every girl attending Hill House School was obliged to wear gloves on her way to and from school, be the weather ever so

sultry—the mistress refused to give her the late mark she had earned, explaining—much to Prue's disappointment—why:

"I am glad you did not hurry, as you were not well yesterday. I shall excuse you this once. Go to your seat, dear," she said. And poor Prue's trouble was all in vain.

"Oh, dear! I can't even be late like other people," she thought miserably as she obeyed Miss Treloar's order and went to her desk. And when, later on that morning, Nickie was in hot water for having to give in another order mark, earned through sliding down the bannisters instead of descending the stairs in the proper way, Prue listened enviously to Miss Treloar's scolding, and wished and wished that she were brave enough and bad enough to do things that Nickie did.

"That is the *eightth* order mark this term, Angela! If you get *one* more I shall send you to Miss Rogers," Miss Treloar said at the conclusion of her remarks—a threat that made even Nickie quail a little.

"Not that I mind the *going* so much," she explained to her friends at the end of morning school. "Jolly Rogers' jaws aren't really much worse than anyone else's when you're used to them. But I've been twice this term already, and the Head said last time that if I was sent again, she'd stop me playing in the tennis tournament next week. It will be too beastly sickening for words if I'm stopped playing in that."

"Oh, yes, Nickie, you mustn't go and get sent to the Head just now—just when you've got a chance of pulling off the under fifteens and winning the junior cup," exclaimed Beth Barnes. And Edith Weldon added:

"You'll have to follow Prue's example just for this week. Hi! Prunes and Prisms, come here and let Nickie have a good look at you. She's got to be just like you for a whole week," and Edith made a grab at Prue and dragged her up for Nickie's closer inspection. Everybody there laughed. Prue grew so red and hot and looked so wretched that Nickie, who wasn't really an unkind person, had pity upon her.

"Let her go, Edith! Don't bully the kid," she said. Then, as Edith released her grasp and Prue fled away, she added with a laugh, "It wouldn't be any use if I looked at her all day. I was born bad and I never shall be any better until a miracle happens. How in the world I'm going to steer clear of order marks for a whole week I simply can't imagine! I'm afraid it's all up with me for the junior cup."

"Oh, you *must* steer clear of them somehow," protested Beth. "After all, it's only for *this* week. Next week if you get an order mark, you won't be reported till the Monday after, and by that time the tournament will be over. You must be careful this week, you really must!" And for the rest of that week, Nickie really was tremendously careful during all her classes. She had one or two narrow escapes, but



THE NEXT MORNING SHE DAWDLED IN FRONT OF EVERY SHOP WINDOW





"WHY, PRUDENCE LANGHAM! DID YOU NEGLECT TO BRING YOUR GLOVES? TAKE AN ORDER MARK!"

NICKIE, BEHIND PRUE, SHOWED HER GLOVED HANDS WITH A TRIUMPHANT GRIN. BETH CHUCKLED

Friday morning came at last and found her still without the fatal last order mark which would mean her being sent to the Head. Her hopes of being able to play in the tennis tournament, which had been low all the week, began to rise.

"If I can *only* hold out till tonight!" she said. And when four o'clock came and Miss Treloar dismissed her form and sent its members to the cloakroom to get ready to go home, she drew a breath of relief, as she hurried along the corridor.

"Hurrah! I've done it! I never thought I could, but I have. A whole week without an order mark! I've never done such a thing in my life before," she said exultantly.

She exulted too soon. Four B had hardly reached the junior cloakroom, when, to everybody's awe and astonishment, Miss Rogers, the headmistress, appeared at the door.

"It has been reported to me that the members of the Junior School have been breaking the rule about the wearing of gloves," the Head remarked. "I have no doubt that it may sometimes seem to you an irksome rule to have to keep, and in itself the wearing or not wearing of gloves may be a small thing. But that is not the point. The Governors of Hill House School desire that Hill House girls *should* wear gloves, and have made a rule that they shall be worn as part of the school uniform. That rule must be obeyed—and until you all have again made a habit of obeying it, a prefect will stand at the door of the junior cloakroom to make sure that each girl has her gloves on when she leaves for home. Put on your things please, and as soon as you are ready, pass by me in line. I wish to see how many of you have been disobeying the rule."

In a sudden panic, Nickie turned to her clothes peg, and plunged her hand into the bag in which she kept her comb and indoor slippers and, when she remembered to bring them, her gloves. The wearing of gloves in the summer term was detested by everybody, and ignored by a great many. Several of the juniors, Nickie, needless to say, amongst them, had been coming back and forth lately without the tiresome things. Most of the rebels had been wise enough to bring a pair of gloves with them for use in an emergency, even though they did not put them on, but not so the luckless Nickie. Hoping against hope, she searched her bag. But there were no gloves in it and she turned despairingly to Beth.

"Beth, lend me one of yours? It's my only chance of playing in the tournament. The Head's sure to give me an order mark if you don't. Lend me one of your gloves and hold one of your hands behind your back? I'll do the same and perhaps she won't notice?" she implored.

Beth solemnly shook her head. "No earthly use, old thing! I'd try it if it were anyone else but the Head. But with Jolly Roger, I simply daren't! It would mean such a frightful row for us both if we were caught. I don't mind lending you *both* of mine, one more order mark won't matter much to me. But I daren't go lending you one of them and have the Head accuse us of cheating."

Nickie, however, couldn't accept the sacrifice of both gloves, although Beth urged her to take them, and for a moment it looked as though her chance of winning the junior tennis cup had vanished into air. Then Beth had an inspiration.

"Look in the bags of the people who are absent. Somebody may have left a pair. Gladys Hughes is away today, and Maggie Macdonald and Freda Holmes. Quick and look! The Head will never notice. Only be quick, the girls are beginning to go out."

Quick as lightning, Nickie darted across to Freda Holmes's peg. No! No gloves there. Gladys's then. No luck there, either. Maggie—where did Maggie Macdonald hang her things? Oh, of course, over in that corner—and Nickie flew across to the place where the absent Maggie Macdonald's brush and comb bag hung.

She nearly knocked over somebody who was coming away from the same corner, but she was in too much of a hurry to stop and apologize and the somebody—it was Prue—didn't wait for an apology in any case. Oh, joy! Maggie had left a pair of gloves in her bag. They were sticking, half in, half out of it, and Nickie snatched them up and scrambled them on, and rushed to line up behind Beth, who was waiting anxiously for her at the end of the line of girls who were passing slowly through the door.

They were too close to the Head to exchange any words, but Nickie showed her gloved hands with a triumphant grin, and Beth, almost as glad as Nickie that a spare pair had been found, grinned back at her understandingly. They were held up for a few moments by Miss Rogers' detaining somebody just ahead of them.

"Why, Prudence Langham—it is Prudence Langham, isn't it? Have you neglected to bring your gloves? I am very sorry to see that you have broken the rule. You must take an order mark, of course. Be sure and give it in to your form mistress on Monday morning, and please be very careful never to come without gloves again."

"Great Scott! Fancy Prunes and Prisms not having them! First bad mark she's ever got," said Nickie in amusement, when she and Beth were past the Head in complete safety and were walking home leisurely.

"Jolly good for her, getting (Continued on page 38)



IVY IN A LOW BOWL, FLANKED BY COMFORTS OF HANGING GRAPES, MAKES A LOVELY TABLE DECORATION

## “What Meat Shall I Buy?”

By WINIFRED MOSES

**Y**OU may have your difficulties making milk and eggs sufficiently attractive to the

family to make them eat these two nourishing foods often enough, but you will find no need to urge them to eat a luscious steak, a juicy roast, or a succulent stew.

When you start to cook meats, cooking ceases to be an interesting problem and becomes real pleasure. Just the appetizing odor that floats from the kitchen when nearly any kind of meat is cooking is enough to make your mouth water in anticipation of the delicious flavor whether you are hungry or not.

However, its flavor is not its only reason for popularity. For meat furnishes first class body building material. Just think of what one serving of lean meat will give you. It will supply you with a third of the day's protein ration needed for building and repairing muscle tissue; it will give you

one fifth of the phosphorous and one fourth of the iron quota demanded by first class teeth, bones,

and blood. The iron is probably the most important of these.

Remember, though, that it is low in calcium, in all of the vitamins except B and in some cuts A, and is lacking in both carbohydrates and roughage. Therefore, menus must be supplemented with milk for lime, with bread, rice, potatoes, or macaroni for carbohydrates, with fruits and tempting vegetables for other minerals, for vitamins and for roughage.

Besides its flavor and food value, there are two other valid reasons for the popularity of meat. The tender cuts are easily and quickly cooked and as a food, meat is easily digested.

The next question is how often shall we serve meat? When this food was much cheaper than it is now and when



we didn't know as much about the whys and wherefores of food as we do today, no meal was considered complete without at least one meat dish. But that day is past. Dietaries no longer contain so much meat, which is better not only for the body but for the pocket-book as well.

Now while it is quite possible to plan a perfectly efficient dietary without

meat, it is advisable to serve it or its equivalent in fish, cheese or legumes once a day in order to be sure that we get sufficient protein.

In your food budget, therefore, suppose you allow enough money to buy meat at least four times a week—a roast, steak or chicken for Sunday, left-overs or a cheap cut for Monday, liver and bacon for Tuesday, a cheap cut for Thursday. On Wednesday you may cut down on your meat bill by serving a cheese dish. On Friday use fish and on Saturday baked beans instead of meat.

Since I cannot cover the whole subject of meat, I shall discuss the buying, cooking, and serving of roasts, steaks, liver and a cheap cut. Each one of these I am using as the center of a menu for it is quite as important to know what foods should accompany meat as to know what cuts to buy and how to cook them correctly and effectively.

#### MENU ONE

Tomato juice cocktail  
Roast beef  
Franconia potatoes  
Buttered vegetables  
Relish  
Lettuce salad with  
Olives and celery  
Fruits, nuts, raisins

Now just a word about buying. The first step is to choose a clean market that carries good meats; the second is to make friends with your meat man; and the third is to avoid rush hours so that you can get the proper attention because the butcher is able to teach you a great deal about meat.

When you select your meat, begin by looking at the fat on the outside. It should be firm and fairly thick and of a clear pale creamy color. Flabby yellowish fat is an indication that the beef is inferior in quality. Next look at the muscle. It should be smooth and glossy. If it is coarse and stringy it means that the meat is tough. A light bright red color is an indication that it is freshly cut. Meat that has been exposed to the air for some time becomes dry and dark red. It should be mottled with fat. This indicates tenderness, and good flavor.

Next glance at the bone. If it is pinkish and well filled with marrow the meat is from a young steer. If it is coarse, hard, and yellow it is from an older animal. Let us begin

with the roast. The tenderest and what are considered the best roasts come from the back of the animal between the hips and the chuck which is just back of the shoulders. When the ribs are left in it is called a standing rib roast. When the ribs are taken out and the meat rolled it is called a rolled rib. The latter is easier to handle when cooking and carving and presents a handsomer appearance at the table than the standing roast.

There are many other roasts: the sirloin, cut from the loin which is back of the ribs, the chuck from between the shoulder and rib roast, and the shoulder roast and the rump from the rump. These are not so tender or so lordly in appearance as the rib roasts, neither are they so expensive. But the rump, shoulder, or chuck roast from a young steer, when boned and rolled, may be almost as good as a rolled rib from a cow or old beef. If your meat man is not too busy when you go to buy your roast ask him to show you a standing and a rolled rib, a chuck, a shoulder, and a rump. Get the prices per pound. Then as you work on roasts buy first one type then the other and determine, with the help of your family who are always frank, which gives the most value or satisfaction for the money.

Now the question is how much to buy? A general rule in buying meat is to allow one quarter of a pound per serving of solid meat or when it contains considerable bone and fat one half pound. I usually allow an extra quarter or half of a pound for the pot. But since it is difficult to cook a roast weighing less than four pounds, it is a good plan to buy that amount and use what is left over sliced cold, in roast beef sandwiches, or in meat pies or casserole dishes for Monday night dinner. When you take the roast home, remove the brown paper, if any, and put it on a plate, not tin or metal, and set it in the refrigerator. In an electric refrigerator the roast should be covered to prevent drying out.

Next comes the cooking. There are two or three rules. One is that a tender roast can be cooked with dry heat. Its own juices with a little water in the bottom of the pan will be sufficient. Second, it must be cooked at a high temperature for fifteen minutes or until well browned. This is to form a protective coat to keep in the juices. After that the heat must be lowered to moderate, for if we continued to cook it at a high temperature the meat would become dry and tough. In cooking a roast of beef, allow fifteen minutes for searing plus fifteen minutes per pound. So if your roast weighs four pounds it will need to go into the oven about an hour and a half before you expect to sit down at the table. (If your roast is lamb, veal or pork, it will take longer.) Light the oven long enough beforehand so that it will be hot when you are ready to put in the roast. Wipe off the meat with a damp cloth and put it into the roasting pan. When the oven is hot put in the meat and cook uncovered for fifteen minutes or until it is a delicious looking brown on all sides. You may need to turn it once or twice. Then lower the heat, sprinkle with salt, add a half cup of hot water, the peeled potatoes, and continue cooking for an hour. Unless you are using a covered roaster, baste both meat and potatoes occasionally with some of the liquid in the pan. If you like your meat well done continue the cooking for another twenty minutes. Add more water from time to time if needed. If you want thick brown gravy, remove the roast to a hot platter, surround with the potatoes, and put in a warm place. For each (Continued on page 49)





# Vagabond's Ward

By MARJORIE PROVOST

**A**NDRÉ sat alone in the little court of La Place des Fontaines reading from a gorgeously colored manuscript, *La Chanson de Roland*. He had just come to the beginning of the immortal, the splendid combat of Roncevaux when a voice cut into his study.

"André! André! Shame on you for a laggard! Did you not hear me approaching?" The voice was a familiar one.

The boy closed his manuscript and lifted a welcoming face. A handsome chair carried by spruce lackeys had just been set down outside the gates. The roguish, beautiful face of Katherine de Vaucelles gazed from the curtains of it and as André rose, she stepped out to meet him.

"I—I was reading," he explained, as he unlocked the gates. He gazed admiringly at the fair picture Katherine made as she stood laughing at him, dressed in apple-green shot with silver and wearing her hair piled high upon her head.

"Reading? An old fat abbot's task!" she scoffed merrily, and continued as they went up the stairway together, "What were you reading?"

"Of Roland. This Roland was a great knight!" he said enthusiastically.

"Why great?" asked Mistress Katherine.

"Because he always did his duty."

"What a prosaic reason!" scoffed the young

KATE DROPPED HER EYES. "HE IS GOD'S," SHE WHISPERED. "I AM TO BELIEVE THAT, TOO?" ASKED ANDRÉ

lady. "Where are your wits, André? Anyone can do his duty! But it takes a great man to slay dragons or rule the world like Charlemagne."

André's eyes began to flash. "But you are wrong! You remember Roncevaux where Roland was trapped by his enemies? He would not recall the emperor and died in his duty! He was ever courteous to vanquished foe."

"Be you courteous to *this* vanquished foe," laughed Katherine joyously.

Before he could answer they had reached the hall. The countess was seated in a carved chair beside the entrance to the terrace. She rose when she saw them and came forward, holding out her hands.

"My dear Katherine, I am so glad to see you! How is the gay world?"

"Not so gay as it is reputed to be," said Katherine, submitting her cheek for the countess' gentle kiss. "I am tired of it."

"Sit at my feet and rest your head, so," said the countess softly. "Here comes my lord! Raoul, Mistress Katherine has

been finding fault with life," said the countess half seriously, half lightly. She lifted her fine eyes to the count as he stood regarding them. There was nothing in the set expression of his face to betray the fact that he was admiring the picture before him.

"Yes," nodded the girl. "What is the matter with me, Monsieur le Comte?"

A slight smile twitched the count's austere face. "You really wish to know? Well, then, mademoiselle, the matter is that while your mind has the ability to recognize the worthlessness of your present life, your heart has not the strength to for-



For what has happened so far in this story see page forty-seven

Illustrations by Harvé Stein

"MY LORD," VILLON READ. "WE, DOGS, VERMIN THAT WE ARE—HOW SHALL WE TELL YOU WE HAVE KIDNAPED YOUR SON?"

swear it." Still smiling, he turned away.

Katherine made him the daintiest of grimaces and turned smiling eyes on André. Her brief seriousness had vanished like an April shower.

"André, will you not sing for me? Something new."

"Have you heard of this strange Villon? Shall I say one of his poems? They are like no other poet's and sweeter than any song," said André eagerly.

"No!" said Katherine sharply. Her face had gone quite white. "Ugh! I detest the man!"

"You have seen him?" cried André incredulously.

"Y—yes," said Katherine faintly.

"The count has several of his songs. They are beautiful and odd," said the countess, drawing André within the circle of her arm. "We know nothing of him save that he is or was a student at one of the universities. There are wild tales about him. Are they true?"

"Too true!" said Katherine, biting her lips. "He is of mean family and was adopted by the good Chaplain de Villon of St. Benoît, whose name and charity he abuses. I have known him since we both were children and when he was no older than André here, he was unfit for decent society. He has no heart, no soul, and a black devil's face!"

The countess shook her head. "His songs tell of a soul. A most exquisite though tortured soul," she said, gazing quietly at Katherine's excited face.

"Oh, he can sing!" she retorted bitterly. "But I won't hear his songs! André, sing us something pretty."

André, who had been listening with the most intense eagerness, stifled a sigh and went across to the clavichord. Soon a thin, silver thread of melody hung upon the air, a mere accompaniment for his clear voice, as he sang, sweetly and with simplicity:

Since creation I was thine  
Now forever thou art mine,  
I have shut thee fast  
In my heart at last.  
I have dropped the key  
In an unknown sea,  
Forever must thou my prisoner be!

When he had finished his song the ladies clapped delightedly and even the count strolled across the hall and said approvingly, "Well done, André!"

Then, from too much happiness, André slipped away and out upon the terrace.

But soon Mademoiselle Katherine called his name. "I am waiting for your escort to my chair," she said when André reached her side.

His hearty boy laugh rang out. "I live but to serve you!" he bowed.

Mistress Katherine dipped in a magnificent curtsy and laughingly the two entered the hall. It had grown



so dark by now that two serving men went around lighting the wax candles. Katherine crossed to the countess and bade her a loving farewell and was ready to depart.

"*Au revoir*, Mother. I escort mademoiselle to her litter," said André.

The countess gave him an affectionate glance. "Come back soon, André."

Mademoiselle's chair was waiting at the gates and her sleepy lackeys sprang to attention as she appeared. "The box, Pierre," she commanded.

One of the lackeys bowed very low and handed his mistress a small gilt box.

"A slight token of my regard," laughed Katherine, presenting the box to André.

André flushed with pleasure. "Oh, thank you, Katherine!" he burst out, forgetting elegance in sheer delight.

Then she was gone on a ripple of mirth and André was alone. He stood dreaming, at the gates. He was staring straight ahead wondering about Katherine and about Villon when suddenly a voice from nowhere broke into his dreams.

"Master," it said piping, sounding like a timid bird. He turned sharply and saw a beggar child without the



A HOWL OF LAUGHTER WENT UP. "YOU HAVE A GIFT WITH WORDS," SIGHED PERROT. "OF THE DEVIL," LAUGHED VILLON

pinioned behind him. The rude grip nearly tore the breath from his body. Before he could cry out, an ill-smelling sack was thrust over his head. Caught and tied like a pig, he was carried away into the night.

He was being kidnaped! Wild with despair and filled with almost superhuman strength, he struggled and kicked and tried to scream while burning tears of fright and anger chased each other down his cheeks.

"The brat is lively," growled a coarse voice.

"He'd better stop kickin' or I'll brain him," grumbled another.

Faint with fear, André stopped his convulsive struggles though he still trembled. He was being borne he knew not whither! He lifted his head and listened intently. His kidnapers were evidently in high good humor. They laughed and whispered hoarsely and the sounds mingled queerly with the patter of their feet upon the cobblestones. Amid these sounds came the weak sobbing of a child. His throat constricted furiously.

That little one! She had tricked him! Why was she weeping? The little beggar! He hoped that she had hurt herself badly. Then he moaned. The heat combined with the roughness of the texture pressed against his mouth gave him a sensation of suffocation. He gasped feebly and abruptly lost consciousness.

When he next opened his eyes he was no longer being carried through unknown streets. The harsh glare of a candle made him blink; he drew his hand across his eyes and someone said:

"Ah, Perrot! Our young bantam wakes!"

André struggled to a sitting position and glanced wildly around him. He saw that he was in a wretched room in some mean inn. Dirt and dust were everywhere, there were bones and decaying ends of mouldy bread among the filthy rushes on the floor. A stale smell, a sour smell hung in the air. The beggar child sat near him, her golden head buried in her tiny hands. An evil faced, one-eyed man in a soiled apron hung over the bar. The only other occupant was a little fat man in a soiled violet cloak. After one glance at his face André cried:

"I remember you! You—you were the beggar that night! Messires! Messires—what do you mean by this?"

The little fat man winked jovially. "Welcome to our castle, my lord! It is not as big nor as airy as your own but you will be wise to express delight."

André was very white. "You are kidnapers—beasts!" Guillaume grew livid. "Puppy! I'll teach you to bark at your betters!" he snarled. Then while Kate sprang to her feet with a cry and André looked on uncomprehendingly, he snatched up a horse whip and brought it down full strength across the lad's shoulders.

André staggered to his feet. For the first time in his life he had been struck. He looked (Continued on page 40)

gates. "What do you want?" he asked, drawing back.

The child drew nearer. "I—I am hungry," she faltered.

André found himself staring into a face, little and lovely in spite of grime. Wonderingly he saw that this small beggar had beautiful, large eyes and hair like floating gold.

"What is your name?" he asked shyly.

"I am Kate. Will you let me earn a sou? I will sing for you," she said wearily.

"No, do not sing, you are too tired. I have only two sous, but you are welcome to them. And here—" He opened the gilt box and held it out to her. It was packed with apricots.

Kate had put out her hand to take one when she swayed dizzily and with an odd choked cry fell to the ground in a little heap.

André stared in horrified wonder. It was the first time he had ever seen anyone faint. Then he unlocked the gate with shaking fingers and flinging it wide ran to that forlorn little figure.

Falling upon his knees he tried to raise the limp body. "She is starved," he thought in mingled terror and compassion. Suddenly the world was menacing. Starved! And then, as he knelt unsuspecting, his arms were suddenly



# Be Yourself

By LESLIE C. WARREN

IT WAS the day of the first sophomore-senior field hockey match at our Oak Tree School,

and Scatter and Guffin and I were strolling along toward school, all set for the fray. At least Scatter and I were strolling. Guffin was trotting ahead of us with that intensely purposeful air that Airedales assume when they really have nothing in particular on their minds. The game was not the least bit important to anyone in school but us sophomores, and we were hoping against hope that we might make it important by accomplishing the impossible and beating the seniors. In all history that had never been done at the Oak Tree, but we were young and innocent and frightfully dumb at field hockey, and anyhow you never can tell what may happen in a game.

"Oh, wouldn't it be fun to beat them," yearned Scat. And I agreed. "The very knobs!" I said emphatically.

Then Scat took my arm in hers as we walked along, and became very earnest.

"Listen to me, Frosty," she said. "You know Nancy Greenough, the poor little rich girl I kidnaped into scouts?"

"Yes, I know Nancy Greenough," I answered sarcastically. As if everyone in town didn't know her after Scatter's exploit last October! Why, the incident was sure to go down in Oak Tree's history in red letters.

"You don't need to explain Nancy Greenough to me," I went on. "I know all about that child. I also happen to have heard that she's minus a French governess at present. Her father shipped the old one back to Paris after our kidnaping."

Scatter nodded and tossed her long braid of red hair over her shoulder. Her aunt, with whom she lived, was old-fashioned and wouldn't allow her to cut it short, like all the rest of us.

"That's just the point, my good woman," she said. "Picture it for yourself. Nancy is minus a French governess. Therefore, where will she be educated? Even a bird in a golden cage must receive education in this town."

"Dunno," I answered. "Perhaps they'll import another governess for her. And if they do, for pity's sake leave her alone! Nancy's education is really none of your business, you know."

"Nothing of the kind," replied Scatter shortly. "Look ahead of you, Frosty my girl, and tell me what your two orbs behold?"

"Girl and a woman going the same way we are," I answered. "Girl looks like your friend Nancy. Woman is probably her mother. She returned from Switzerland last week, I know."

"Right the first time, my Frosty. And can you guess where they are bound? Well, I'll tell you."

Of course Scatter *would* know all about it. She has uncanny ways of ferreting out everything new in town.

"They're going to our Oak Tree School to watch the hockey match this afternoon, and at the same time they are going to decide whether or no it is a sufficiently select

environment in which to complete dear little Nancy's education."

"They are, are they?" I remarked, ed, gazing at the two backs a block ahead of us. "Well, we may be plebeian characters and all that sort of thing, but I must say that I don't fancy the idea of the landed aristocracy coming to look us over as if we were so many serfs and villains slaving in their fields."

We were studying about the feudal system at school at the moment, and it intrigued me to use this learned simile.

"I'm not worrying about us any," Scatter grunted in reply. "It's the school that I'm thinking of. This Nancy Greenough is nothing in my young life. I don't care an acorn whether she ever gets educated or not, but think about the school, Frosty. Why, that school's been there I don't know how many years. Your mother went there and so did mine, and my aunt, and they



Illustrations by  
Helen Hokinson

played together under the old oak tree with Marge Woodward's mother and Bingo Baxter's, and now this old moneyed landowner moves to town and thinks she'll come snooping around our school with a lorgnette to see if it's good enough for her priceless daughter. I don't care if I did save the child from that fiend in human form. I—I kind of wish I'd left her in her cage."

Scatter gave her braid an angry jerk and scowled at the two backs before us.

"She'll probably look around her and say, 'Dear me, what a rough game, I couldn't think of allowing Nancy to associate with such bold girls' Or 'Really, what a very old building. I don't honestly think it can be quite clean, don't you know. I really must consider all those points.' Blah!"

We walked along in moody silence for a moment and

the school?" She asked it in her most challenging tone.

"I guess so," I answered, not very keen. We were getting nearer to those two backs every minute, Mrs. Greenough's appallingly well dressed in dark blue. She had a fur around her neck and a small hand-bag swung from her left hand. No, I wasn't a bit keen about bearding the lion, but when Scatter becomes surrounded with an idea it's much easier to give in to her than to argue yourself out of it.

"Well, come along then," she said. "Step up and look pleasant. Nancy will have to introduce us and then it's up to us to put the school over big. It's too bad we're both playing hockey. One of us ought to stay with them all after-

GUFFIN HAD GALLOPED PAST  
MRS. GREENOUGH AND SNATCHED  
HER HAND-BAG IN HIS MOUTH.  
SCAT AND I CLUTCHED EACH  
OTHER, FROZEN WITH HORROR



noon to make sure they learn nothing rough, uncouth, or plebeian. Perhaps we can find some pure soul who will spell us while we play. All set?"

"No, wait a minute. You've a smooch on your chin. Hold still till I scrub it with my hanky."

Which I did, not reckoning that that black smooch was to grow into a black cloud which would quite devastate the afternoon. For the pause was fatal. In that instant Guffin suddenly and unexpectedly had a brilliant idea, and immediately set forth to execute it in his best style. Off he rushed, swift and silent, and before Scatter or I could as much as open our mouths, he had galloped past Mrs. Greenough and snatched her hand-bag in his mouth, never altering his stride or slowing his pace. You may believe this or not, as you see fit, but it honestly happened!

Scat and I clutched each other, frozen with horror at this awful beginning of our campaign for the Oak Tree.

Mrs. Greenough screamed and started to chase Guffin down the street. Nancy looked around her, for of course she recognized the dog and knew I couldn't be very far off. Scatter, as usual, recovered her voice before I did.

then, of a sudden, Scatter perked up as an idea dawned.

"I tell you what we'll do, Frosty. It will be mighty hard for us, but remember it is for the old Oak Tree. We'll stalk right up to the foe and we'll be just as polite and pleasing as we know how to be. We'll make her like the old school, whether she wants to or no. We'll emphasize all its—its—what in thunder is the word Miss Newcomb uses? Oh, yes, I know. All its salient points, and we will nobly conceal any and all things that aren't so good. What do you say, Frosty? Are you game to be polite for the honor of

"Say nothing," she hissed to Nancy and me. "Remember he's not our dog." We nodded agreement unobtrusively.

Then she called aloud, "Let me try to get him for you, Mrs. Greenough. Here, dog, here dog!" and she whistled shrilly as she started off down the street after Guffin.

Taking my cue from her, I began to whistle too, and of course that old fool of a Guffin came right back, holding his head up proud and stylish, to keep from tripping on the bag, prancing with his front feet as if he had pulled off an awfully smart trick.

"Here, sir," said Scatter sternly. "Drop that bag, drop it, I say." He dropped it obediently enough, and put one paw on it, looking appealingly at her as if to say, "Aw come on, be a sport. Throw it for me, won't you?"

But Scat ignored his appeal.

"You're a bad dog," she remarked, as she stooped to pick up the bag. "I think you must belong to some old pickpocket. Go along home with you. Out of our way, rascal."

"Yes," I said, "go on home, you villain."

Poor old Guffin understood those fell words all too well, and with ears and tail drooping, he set out on his homeward way, with many a heartrending, backward glance, in hope of a relenting sign.

Meanwhile Scatter had returned the bag to its owner with a flourish, and, properly introduced to Mrs. Greenough by her daughter, we set out for the Oak Tree, careful to indulge in only the safest and purest of conversation. I could tell by Scatter's manner that she felt the Guffin episode had been carried off pretty well on the whole, and that she was beginning to feel sure of herself again.

"Oh, yes," she said, "we all play hockey at the Oak Tree. It's such good exercise, and such a safe form of sport. There are class teams, and side teams, and the school team. We all play in one place or another."

"Accidents? Oh, no, we never have accidents at our school. Honestly, Mrs. Greenough, I think you will find that we are exceptionally well supervised in our sports."

She cribbed that line from her aunt. I recognized its very tone. But, alas, she sprang it just a bit too soon, for at this moment who should come pacing into our midst from the side street but our old friend, Bingo Baxter, with a grin on her face a mile wide, showing off that front tooth she had broken the week before, when she had stopped the ball with her face instead of her feet. Bingo has never been noted for her grace.

"Hello, folks," she observed amiably, falling into step beside Scatter and looking expectant, so there was nothing to do but introduce her to Mrs. Greenough, missing tooth and all.

Now Bingo is an excellent young girl, and we've always known each other, and all that, but of all unfortunate people to meet at that moment, she certainly was the world's worst. She's a girl with a round face, wide open, just like a saucer, and you simply never can tell what she's going to say next. Her real name is Martha, but she got the name

of Bingo after she had beaten up every boy her own size in her neighborhood, and was starting on the gang over our way. About that time she came into the Girl Scouts and our captain persuaded her that there might be better ways in which to spend her time. Anyhow, as I said before, you simply never could tell what she was going to say next.

Well, we were sunk, and of course Bingo started spilling the beans right away.

"I'm very glad to know you, Mrs. Greenough," she said, with that wide open grin of hers, that concealed nothing that should be concealed. "Are you going to the hockey game this afternoon?"

"Yes, I am," replied that lady. "Are you playing in the game, too?"

Scatter clutched my arm in the grip of death.

"No, I'm not playing hockey today." Bingo's voice was loud and cheerful. "I can't play this week because—"

"Oh, Mrs. Greenough," Scatter interrupted, "there's our school down at the end of the block. Doesn't it look nice? Its name comes from the big oak tree in the front yard, you know. My mother, and Frosty's mother, and—"

Bingo's open face looked slightly injured, and her voice rose above Scatter's society manner.

"I can't play this week because last week I caught—Scat, *will* you quit kicking me. Can't you walk forward instead of sideways?"

"Wasn't kicking you," growled Scat.

"What were you saying, my dear?" Mrs. Greenough lent an attentive ear toward the bull in our china shop. "Why is it that you can't play hockey this week?"

"Well, you see," the cheerful Bingo took up her tale with added relish and a glance at Scat. "You see, last week I caught the ball with my face and broke off this tooth, right off short, like that. See?" and she widened her mouth for further inspection.

"Isn't that a pity," observed Mrs. Greenough. "And I understood hockey to be such a safe game! What are you going to do about it?"

"Have a crockery one in its place," answered Bingo with gusto. "But I can't play hockey until it's fixed up. It's tough luck, 'cause I'd kind of figured in playing in this game against the seniors today."

Scatter stiffened like a bird dog pointing. "Tough luck" was not an expression to be used when rallying to the school's prestige.

"Here we are," she observed coldly. "I think Beany is looking for you, Bingo. She's over on the other side of the tree."

"Hey, Beany," Bingo shrieked, and putting two fingers into her mouth she let out a shrill whistle. "Looking for me?"

"No," Beany shrieked back, "I'm not. Go cut another tooth. I'm busy."

Nancy Greenough laughed, and Scatter groaned in anguish. Her finger strayed to that forelock and back again.

"Mrs. Greenough," she offered politely, "may I take you to a seat by the hockey field? (Continued on page 34)



"YOU KNOW THAT FUNNY STORY I STARTED TO TELL YOU? WELL—"





MOTHER AND THE GIRLS WERE BUSY SPREADING THE FROSTINGS ON THE CAKES AND TWO MORE WERE ABSORBED IN DAD'S MUSICAL GLASSES

## "I Am a Girl Who— *wanted my family to be 'interesting' and 'aristocratic' until Rose pointed out to me that the most interesting thing about me was my family'*

THERE'S one very fortunate thing about having a fault and it is that, once you have overcome it, you can help other people who are unlucky enough to have the same difficulty. I suppose the worst fault I ever had was the silly attitude I once took toward my family. But I don't think I should ever have been able to understand and help Georgia King and her mother if it hadn't been that I had made the same mistake Georgia made.

Georgia King is a "town girl", that is to say, she does not live at the college dormitory, as her family lives in Avondale and she can attend Avondale College and live at home. We all liked her from the start, and the chance her home offered as an occasional escape from dormitory life made her an extremely popular freshman. We were all glad when the formalities of rushing were over and Georgia accepted the bid to our sorority.

I think we must have been entertained at her house about half a dozen times when the continued absence of her mother from our gay suppers and bridges began to make us feel a little uneasy. We never saw anyone but Georgia, a young brother who always took himself off, and the one maid of all work who we felt wasn't altogether responsible for all the nice details of a spread at Georgia's. We talked among ourselves and decided that perhaps Mrs. King was an invalid. Finally one of the more outspoken girls asked Georgia point blank if we couldn't have an opportunity to thank her mother for the good times we had at her house and tell her what chicken salads and fresh cocoanut cake mean to

Illustration by Clotilde Embree

appetites sharpened by dormitory breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners.

"Oh, that's all right," Georgia responded in an off-hand manner. "Mother's crazy about cooking fussy things all the time."

"But we'd like to meet your mother," we protested. "Couldn't you get her to join us the next time we come out? Doesn't she play bridge?"

Georgia laughed again.

"You don't know my mother. You'd no more than get a hand dealt when mother would ask you how many you had in your family and then she'd be off! And then she'd make you all tell her about what you were planning to do and if you wanted to get married or have careers and—well, if you've ever had a parent I don't need to tell you what it's like."

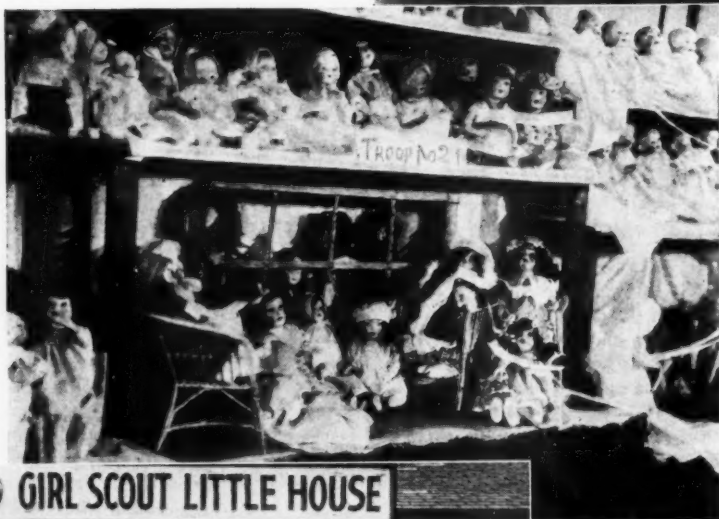
As we were strolling back to the dorm that night a freshman remarked that Georgia certainly had the right idea about restraining parents. There was a bombardment of protests. Nearly everyone had felt that it was rather selfish, especially since Mrs. King went to so much trouble for us.

"And," spoke up Nancy Lee, our serious-minded house president, "if Georgia thinks I wouldn't like to have someone ask me just how I'm planning to set the world on fire, she's badly mistaken. I'd simply adore a sympathetic listener!"

We all agreed to that. How many times I have attempted to give an inspired sketch of my career as an interior decorator, when Ann will interrupt to (*Continued on page 51*)



"GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN, LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY"  
—CHRISTMAS EVE IS THE TIME  
FOR ANCIENT CAROLS (RIGHT)



THIS TROOP OF GIRL  
SCOUTS OF MUSKOGEE,  
OKLAHOMA (BELOW)  
DISTRIBUTED ALL SORTS  
OF FASCINATING TOYS  
AT CHRISTMAS TIME

DOLLS—BABIES IN  
APPEAR EVERY CH  
ST. LOUIS, MISSO  
DOLL SHOW. THE  
CHILDREN'S INST

GIRL SCOUTS OF ST  
TICUT (RIGHT)  
CHRISTMAS STOCK  
MED A CHRISTMA  
POOR CHILDREN I



Girl  
Sa  
"Merry C



THESE PICTURESQUE YULETIDE  
WAITS ARE REALLY ATLANTA,  
GEORGIA GIRL SCOUTS SINGING  
TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS (LEFT)



—BABIES IN FLUFFY DRESSES—  
FOR EVERY CHRISTMAS AT THE  
SCOUTS, MISSOURI GIRL SCOUT  
SHOW. THEY GO LATER TO  
CHILDREN'S INSTITUTIONS (LEFT)

SCOUTS OF STAMFORD, CONN.—  
(RIGHT) FILLED GIGANTIC  
CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS AND TRIM-  
MED A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE  
CHILDREN IN THEIR DISTRICT



AS A CONTRIBUTION TO  
THE NATIONAL TUBER-  
CULOSIS ASSOCIATION,  
GIRLS OF JACKSONVILLE,  
FLORIDA MAILED CHRIST-  
MAS SEALS (BELOW)

1 Scouts  
Say  
"Christmas"





## OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the star reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the star reporter's box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

**T**HE Christmas season is always a busy time for Girl Scouts of Troop Ten of Akron, Ohio," Jane Pockrandt says in writing of last year's activities, "but this 1929 season has been especially so. In 1927, we sent a two-year subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL to each of four places—the Lutheran Settlement House in Philadelphia, Oesterlen Orphans' Home in Springfield, Ohio; Konnarock Training School in the mountains of Virginia, and the East Akron Community House in our own city. This year we renewed these subscriptions.

"But this was only a small part of our Christmas service. We prepared and presented two plays, *Mini Lights the Candle* and *Adopted by Santa Claus*. Besides this, we decorated and painted twenty-five small flower pots and planted slips of various house plants, and also turned one hundred and twenty apples into smiling, rosy-cheeked, bewhiskered Santas.

"On the Thursday before Christmas, we took the potted plants to the Summit County Home where we presented both our plays. On Friday evening, we gave our apple Santas to the children of Sunshine Cottage, the children's unit of the Springfield Sanatorium. We also gave our plays there. The Saturday before Christmas, we gave a party for thirty less fortunate children. After a few games, we again presented our plays. Just before the children went home, cake and jello were served and each child was given a piece of cake and a bag of candy to take home. All this service helped to make our own Christmas better and happier."

**I**T'S almost Christmas! And heavens, how much there is to be done yet! Not only to complete Father's present and Mother's present, but to prepare for all the activities which the troop is undertaking to spread the holiday spirit. There isn't a busier time in all the year for Girl Scouts, that is, judging by the letters which find their way to THE AMERICAN GIRL and the Scribes' pages.

The smart thing this year will be to find ways of giving that will not be too expensive. Several troops have written us individual ideas that were very good. We'll pass them all on to you, and a Merry Christmas with them.

The most ingenious plan of last year's Christmas season was one used by the older girls of the Faith Church Girl Scout Troop of Springfield, Massachusetts. These girls made doll cradles from salt and oatmeal boxes and enameled them with pastel colors. Rockers for the cradles were made from cardboard, glued to the ends of the round boxes. These same girls used old silk stockings to make baby dolls which they dressed in up-to-date style. Bedding was carefully made and added to the cradles and the silken dolls tucked snugly in before they were presented to the "adopting parents."

These girls fashioned bean-bags, clowns and miniature animals of different colored oilcloth, using the blanket-stitch around the edges and stuffing them with cotton. Rabbits, kittens and dogs were among the most popular shapes. Buttons made sparkling eyes and the outline stitch was used to delineate the fea-

# Christmas Is

*And with the happy season comes  
may be to spread Christmas cheer and*

tures. One group of the Faith Church Girl Scouts made very attractive scrapbooks, using old books which they covered with bright colored oilcloth and filled with pictures taken from magazines.

## Live Evergreens for Christmas

*These find their way  
to Bradford hospitals*

The Girl Scouts of Bradford, Pennsylvania certainly made their captain very happy through their community service last year. She wrote us about it last January:

"Just before Christmas was the one big problem in many of our troops' minds is 'What can we do for a bit of community service?' This year many of our troops have been most active, and I do feel they have really done a splendid bit of community service in our little city. I just couldn't refrain from telling you about them, for I am sure other captains could, if they have not already done so, plan similar things at Christmas time.

"Our Senior Service Troop procured six live Christmas trees, replanted them in pails, decorated and placed them in the six wards in our local hospital. Another troop made evergreen wreaths and placed them on sixty beds in the same hospital. Shoe boxes were attrac-

tively covered with red and green crêpe paper and filled with candy, fruit and nuts. Also a box containing a useful gift was given to each resident of the City Poor Farm. Another troop made favors of gum-drops and peppermint sticks dressed in red and green crêpe paper, which were placed at their places for the Christmas dinner. The Dramatic Club gave a play, *A Pot of Red Geraniums*, at the farm Christmas afternoon. The Carol Club drove to the farm (three miles out) Christmas Eve and sang carols.

"The Brownies gave a play, *Adopted by Santa Claus*, at the Children's Home Christmas Eve. Another troop dressed lollypops in red and green crêpe paper and sent them to the home for favors for their Christmas dinner. Another troop packed a Christmas dinner for a needy family and trimmed a Christmas tree and took it to a home where there were five poor little children. Gifts were also provided for these children.

"Several troops decided to follow up the families they had sent baskets to at Thanksgiving time; knowing they would have Christmas baskets, they took toys to the children. We have a little boy who was run over by an automobile three months ago and seriously hurt. He never had a tree in his life; so one troop decided to get one, take it to his house, and trim it. Each child brought her very nicest tree ball—and there were thirty-four—and they trimmed the tree while he looked on."

## They Were Inexpensive Gifts—

*But how welcome they were!*

Here are some clever ideas for Christmas presents that cost practically nothing to make if the whole troop works together! And everybody says they look very well when they are fin-



WEST BEND, WISCONSIN GIRL SCOUTS MADE A PRETTY PICTURE AROUND THEIR CHRISTMAS TREE

# with Us Again

*the opportunity for Girl Scouts wherever they to have merry parties among themselves*

ished. Muskogee, Oklahoma Girl Scouts brought their outgrown toys to school. Their local director writes that "they were glad to pass them on to someone else, and mothers were pleased to have them out of the way. These toys were newly decorated and painted to look like new. The toys were then all assembled at the Muskogee Little House and redistributed to needy children."

## Clever Girl Scouts, These!

*They made toys from stockings!*

Helen Biggs of Youngwood, Pennsylvania writes: "My troop made dogs and dolls from old stockings or pieces of cloth; they made scrapbooks and collected story books, all of which were taken to the Westmoreland County Children's Home. Besides this, they sang carols on Christmas Eve at the homes of people who were either ill or aged, and apparently their carols were appreciated. This was our first Christmas as

a troop and we couldn't undertake too much, but we did things thoroughly."

## Have You Seen Lollypop Dolls?

*Pennsylvania Girl Scouts made them*

Janice B. Ackley of Troop One, Athens, Pennsylvania says: "Christmas time we bought four dozen lollypops. Each girl brought what scraps of crêpe paper she found around home. Two meetings were spent and the girls dressed the suckers as dolls. We also made scrapbooks and sent them to the children's ward of the hospital. Christmas week we had a party. We drew names and each girl brought a ten-cent toy for the girl whose name she had drawn. At the party we played games and later exchanged 'gifts.' These toys, put together with the suckers, were sent to the Children's Home."

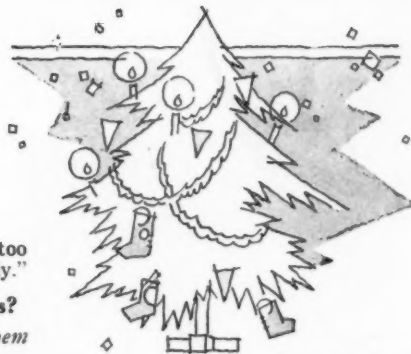
## After Christmas, Twelfth Night

*Kansas Girl Scouts celebrated the fête*

Voma Alcott of Colby, Kansas says that "Girl Scouts of Colby wish to let other Girl Scouts know about their Twelfth Night party. The troop consists of about twenty-four members and is the only one in Colby."

"Twelfth Night comes the twelfth night after Christmas. It was an old English custom to celebrate this in commemoration of the visit of the wise men to the manger in Bethlehem, twelve nights after Christmas."

"This year the mothers of the Girl Scouts gave them a party for the occasion. The first thing they did was to select their king and queen by lot. That part was varied somewhat from the old English custom. The old custom was to



cut up a cake which had had a pea and a bean baked in it. The one receiving the pea in his piece of cake was queen, and the one with the bean in his cake was king. But the hostesses were afraid cake would spoil the appetites of their guests.

"After this had been done, they dressed each guest in a foreign costume with the exception, of course, of the king and queen, who were dressed in royal garments. Then two dances were given, Dutch and Russian, for their majesties. Then came a lovely dinner which had been prepared by the mothers."

"A ceremonial was then performed and several girls received tenderfoot, merit and second-class badges."

"And lastly they raided the town for all the Christmas greens. They were followed by a truck upon which they loaded all they found. When all the greens had been collected and placed in a heap to burn, someone lighted them. For awhile they made a terribly hot fire, but when it had burned down they toasted marshmallows."

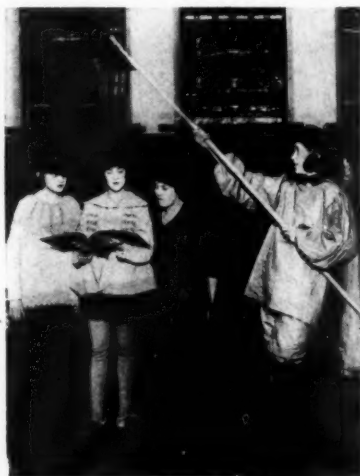
## Porto Rico Has Its "Twelfth Night"

*But they call it "Three Kings' Day"*

And now we would like to tell the Colby Girl Scouts that Girl Scouts in Porto Rico also celebrate Twelfth Night. However, they call it Three Kings' Day there and it is the day on which presents are given and received.

Three Kings' Day occurs on January sixth. It is on January fifth that the Girl Scouts and all the children of Porto Rico exchange gifts. For three days, January fifth, sixth and seventh, the Porto Ricans go to the country and spend the days dancing, horseback riding and singing songs in keeping with the days of celebration. But the most interesting part of the story is the things the Porto Ricans eat on these three days. During the same season in which we feel that cranberry sauce, plum pudding, hard candies, oranges and

*(Continued on page 50)*



IN PICTURESQUE, MEDIEVAL SETTINGS AND IN QUIANT COSTUMES OF EARLIER CENTURIES GIRL SCOUTS EVERYWHERE ENJOY SINGING CAROLS



DECORATING THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN FRONT OF HAWTHORNE HOUSE—THEIR GIRL SCOUT LITTLE HOME—WAS FUN FOR THESE MILWAUKEE GIRLS



(Continued from page 28)  
It's just behind the school."  
"Nevermind, Scatter," Bingo interrupted.

"You and Frosty run along to the locker room and change your clothes. I'll sit with Mrs. Greenough and Nancy."

But Scat and I hung on and strolled over to the field with the others. And as we went the worst began to come to pass.

"Mrs. Greenough," Bingo's voice had a loud and carrying quality to it, "you know I had an awfully funny thing happen to me last winter—"

I grabbed Scatter violently.

"Stop her at all costs," I ordered. "It's the awful story about the mouse and the overshoe. If Mrs. Greenough ever hears that story the school's reputation is gone forever."

Scatter rallied nobly to the need of the old Oak Tree.

"Mrs. Greenough," she interrupted quickly. "Here comes our coach, Miss Mason. She is also our Girl Scout captain, you know. I do want you to meet her before the game begins."

And so for a brief time Cappy saved the day. Apparently she and Mrs. Greenough had much in common to talk about, and Scatter and I withdrew a little distance for a consultation.

"Scat," I said, "I'm afraid it's no go. She's bound to get off that horrid story before the afternoon is over and that will be the end of the Oak Tree as a school for a nice young girl!"

"Well, Frosty," she said, "you stay here while I change my clothes, then I'll spell you while you change. Perhaps we can keep her shut up until the game begins, and I have a thought that may keep her out of trouble during the first half. We'll just have to trust to luck that she gets so excited during the second half that she forgets all about the mouse and the rest of it. Between halves we can rally around, and after the game we can wring her neck if need be."

"All right," I said. "Only be quick. I don't want to stay here by myself forever."

But Cappy went right on talking to the landed aristocracy. They laughed and had a grand time, and up to the time Scatter returned dressed in her hockey tunic with her stick under her arm, young Bingo hadn't had a chance to do more than grin that damaged grin of hers.

"Beat it," said Scatter briefly. And I did.

I shifted into hockey clothes p. d. q., and then went back to the scene of action. All was still well. As I came up Cappy blew her whistle and we trailed out onto the field and took our proper places, Scatter playing left wing and I left half back. The Greenoughs and Bingo sat down on the bench along with the meager audience that had wandered out to see the sophomores get trimmed, and Cappy stuck her whistle in her mouth

## Be Yourself

with that detached, professional air that one has when about to officiate at a bullying off. But this time the bully was delayed.

"Sarah Atwell," Cappy demanded, brusquely spitting the whistle out of her mouth. "Where are your shin guards? Don't you know that you are supposed to have them on?"

"Yes'm," said Scatter meekly. "I forgot 'em, I guess. May Bingo go and get them for me? I don't like to hold up the game any longer."

For a moment Cappy looked puzzled, hesitated, then she nodded her head and called out to Bingo to please get Scatter's shin guards, they were in her locker, and the game began with Bingo reluctantly disappearing from sight.

"Ground, sticks, ground, sticks, ground, sticks, shoot!"

The center forwards bullied off and our right half cleared the ball out to her wing for a good start, but that start was the only good thing that can be said about that awful game.

Along about the time that the score was 8-0 against us and we were beginning to suspect the end of the half was near, Scatter ranged alongside of me as we trailed back to the center line for a bully. She was panting like a steam engine and so was I.

"Bingo's not back yet," she observed with a grin. "Did you happen to notice that, my good ape? Also I have a lump on my shin as big as a hen's egg."

"Where in thunder is she?" I gasped. "She's had time to collect those shin guards twice over."

"Sure," grinned Scatter, "sure, three times over if she had sense enough to look for them down behind the door of the furnace room. It's a funny place to leave shin guards, Frosty, but, if you'd believe it, I saw several pairs there on my way out."

I laughed as we found our places for the bully again.

"Bet she finds them, old dear," I called, and we were at it again. When a little later a penalty corner gave us a breather, we heard an urgent voice.

"Hullo! Time out there, Cappy. Here are some shin guards for Scatter!" And there was Bingo, puffing like a porpoise.

"Took you long enough," grunted Scatter ungratefully, as she strapped on the guards.

"Uh huh," gulped Bingo. "Couldn't find any in the locker building, so I beat it home for mine."

"Thanks," said Scatter, briefly. "You're a good egg, Bingo." The game went on.

Another score for the seniors and another.

"Hey, you sophomore class," bellowed Bingo from the bench. "Pep it up, can't

you? Give us at least a score."

"She's too busy to say much to the Greenoughs now," observed Scatter as we dragged ourselves to the center line for another bully. "But beware of the time between the halves."

Bingo did keep busy for the rest of that half and so did we, but it availed us nothing, for the score was ten against us when the whistle blew for time.

Scatter and I pulled our sweaters on and flopped on the ground.

"How do you like the game, Mrs. Greenough?" asked Scatter, politely, sucking at a slice of lemon.

"It's very interesting, indeed," replied the *grande dame* amiably, and I suddenly bethought me that up to now she had not produced either a lorgnette or a critical remark.

We staved off trouble nobly during the time out, but even Scatter couldn't think of anything to keep Bingo busy during the second half.

"We'll just have to grin and bear it, Frosty, my girl," she said as we stripped off our sweaters. "Cross your fingers and perhaps she'll forget it."

As we lined up for the bully our team was facing out toward the street, and just as the centers whacked the ball my heart gave a flip-flop, for what should I see peering at me from around the oak tree but the bushy face of Guffin. I threw a belligerent scowl toward him, fluffed the pass from center, and pounded up the field after the ball. By that time I was a nervous wreck.

It wasn't interesting hockey, and even Bingo's enthusiasm waned. She sat down quietly beside the Greenoughs and chewed passively on bits of grass. Scat and I playing on the left side of the field were right alongside the fateful trio a large part of the time, and we couldn't help hearing them.

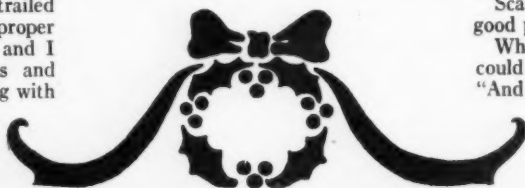
"That girl," said Bingo at one moment, pointing to me, "is old Frosty. Her mother used to go to school here. She owns that funny bushy dog you see around places. I wonder why he isn't here today. Oh, there he is now, over behind the oak tree. Here, Guffin, come over and bring the sophomores luck."

I groaned and charged out of earshot. From the corner of my eye I could see Guffin trotting up to Bingo, his tail stuck up straight as a flag pole. It was only a matter of moments now before the mouse story came forth, I was sure.

"And that girl with the red hair—" Bingo wiggled the blade of grass in her mouth as she talked—"that girl is Scatter, Frosty's best friend. She's the one that kidnaped Nancy that night—"

Scat stumbled and missed a perfectly good pass from her inner.

When we lined up for the bully, I could hear Bingo's vibrant voice again. "And Mrs. Greenough, you know that funny story I've started to tell you a couple of times this—" "Ground sticks, ground sticks," (Continued on page 36)



*Liane's disappearance has a surprising solution—*



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Don't miss the conclusion of "The Voice in the Dark" next month

# The Giant and the Pygmy



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**E**ITHER from your own personal experience or from observation you know how miserable one can feel when suffering from a cold.

Of course you know some of the causes—chilling drafts, wet feet, over-fatigue, balky digestion, or an invading germ. You know it is harder to fight a cold when you are run-down. Keep yourself fit.

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The original cold, if not promptly cured, breaks down resistance and is sometimes followed by a second cold more stubborn and oftentimes more treacherous than the first. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat is

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Cold No. 1 is the Pygmy that crawls through the keyhole and unlocks the door for Cold No. 2, the Giant, to enter. In fact, to carry the picture further, the Pygmy Cold, which may be nothing worse than snuffles, a slight cough, a bit of an ache or a pain, may be followed by any one of several Giant Colds—influenza, pneumonia or tuberculosis.



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*Who won the What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest?*—

## Be Yourself

(Continued from page 34)  
ground sticks, shoot!" Cappy gave the signal.

The ball flew between the center's feet to our left inner.

"Hooray!" shrieked Bingo. "Carry it down there, sophomores!"

"Well, one day last winter," she resumed, "I was starting home from school—"

Inner, about to be tackled, cleared the ball out to Scat at wing.

"Yea, Scat, atta girl, go it! Here's your chance to score!" yelled Bingo. Then she continued, her voice still shrill and loud. "As I was starting home from the Oak Tree—"

Scat was all set to catch the ball on her stick, and there was a clear field ahead of her. But she gave one agonized glance at Bingo, and the ball rolled over the side-lines at the feet of our visitors.

Another goal against us, the time-keeper's whistle, and the game was over. But the worst was not yet. As we dragged our tired feet toward the side-lines after a proper exchange of cheers, we once more heard Bingo's voice.

"And do you know, Mrs. Greenough. I put my overshoes on and zipped them up quickly, and I thought the left one felt awfully funny and scratchy, but I was in a hurry to get home; so I ran, and when I took the overshoe off, what do you think? A mouse jumped out! He had been climbing up the inside to get out, but I fastened the overshoe so quickly that he got caught. Gosh, I had a fright—but so did he!"

Scatter and I clung to each other in despair.

"The worst, the very worst!" we moaned. "She'll never send her child to such a school. Mice in overshoes!"

But to our large amazement, Mrs. Greenough, the flower of the aristocracy, began to laugh, and she laughed and she laughed, and Cappy, who had strolled up beside her, began to laugh, too.

"Old mouse story again, Bingo," she chuckled. "That was a good one on you all right! And how did you like the game, Mary?" She turned to the titled landowner.

Mary, indeed. Scat and I shuddered in silence. "Mary!" we murmured aghast.

"Good game, Helen," the gilded nobility replied. "The old school hasn't changed a bit since we were here, has it? Same old buildings, same old oak tree, same old everything. I can hardly wait for Nancy to get started."

"Yes," answered Cappy, with a smile. "I'm so glad you've decided she is strong enough for the work at last. It will be nice for her to be with the other girls."

And bidding goodnight to Bingo, they started to stroll from the field.

As they passed us, Mrs. Greenough remarked, "—that Baxter child. She must be Martha Abbot's girl, isn't she? She's just too quaint for words. I could have listened to her talk forever."

Feebly Scatter and I supported each other's wavering steps from the field of our defeat.

"And that, my Frosty," she remarked mournfully. "only goes to prove that one should be oneself."



## The Voice in the Dark

(Continued from page 16)

"Let's go outside and walk around a bit," he suggested. "Get a wrap for it gets pretty chilly after dark up at this altitude. As Dad says, it isn't much like Christmas Eve, but there's something sort of tricky about it, even at that!" A little cheered by his optimism, Jean found a sweater and joined him in the clearing outside the bungalow.

The darkness was intense, for the moon had not yet risen, but the stars were brilliant. There was a great racket and chatter from the dimly-lit kitchen, but presently the light was extinguished, voices trailed away down the mountain-slope and the hilltop was wrapped in silence, save for the soft clash of palm fronds in the night wind. Jean crept closer to her brother and shivered afresh.

"I don't like it!" she muttered. "I suppose it's all right, as Dad says, but it all seems terribly spooky to me. I never—Good Heavens! What was that?"

"Don't get jumpy. Guess that must be one of those Haitian drums Dad was telling us about, on our way up this afternoon. Don't you remember, he said they use them to call the natives to dances out in the mountains."

The booming note sounded again. Then it ceased and a chorus of wild and dirge-like singing began, appearing to come from the valley directly beneath them. When this too had died away into silence, the drum again took up its weird rhythm.

Dave had a sudden inspiration. "Let's go and hunt up that old cook of Dad's—I can't think of her name. You can talk to her a bit in French, can't you? Maybe she can explain to us what this is all about." They hurried into the house and through to the kitchen.

"Not a soul here!" he exclaimed. "That's strange! I thought Dad said that woman would stick around to see that we had everything we needed."

"He certainly *did*!" cried Jean, beginning to tremble with sheer nervousness. "And she hasn't done it, and we're stark alone on this mountain-top and Dad's miles away—and something queer's going on!" Dave was inclined to take a calmer view of the situation, but he certainly had seen a dark figure creeping stealthily along behind the banana trees outside the enclosure, when Jean was looking off in another direction. And where could old What's-her-name be? If this were her home town, he could imagine her sneaking out for a while to join some neighborly celebration or other. But she was sixty miles away from it on a lonely mountain-top, and there was not apparently a human habitation short of Plaisance, the little village in the valley far below. His father considered her faithful and devoted. But what if she were not? What if something *were* going on?

They came out of the house again by the front door and stood peering about in the darkness. The drum was still beating out its weird rhythm, and from some very distant location, there came the

sound of more slow, dirge-like chanting.

"Look! Look there!" she stuttered, pointing above the doorway. "The shoes! Those shoes of old Liane's that were hanging there when we first came in! They're gone!"

Dave flashed his pocket torch about the little doorway again and again. The small veranda on which it opened showed no trace of them. But it *did* show something else. "What in time do you suppose is the meaning of *this*?"

It was only a couple of burned matches, crossed and tied in the center securely with a bit of red thread. But it had been laid precisely in the middle of the entrance so that none could possibly enter or leave without passing over it. Jean bent down and examined it for a moment. Then suddenly she burst into unrestrained sobs.

"Holy cat! Cut that out, Kid! What's the idea, anyway?" Dave exclaimed.

"Oh, you don't understand! But I read it in a book about Haiti that said one of their voodoo charms—they call it an *ouanga*, or something—was to tie two burned matches together with red thread—and—then lay it where someone they hated would have to walk over it. If they did step over it, it meant *their death*!"

"Oh, heck!" cried Dave, impatiently. Do you believe any such fool stuff as that.

"No, of course not. But can't you see what I'm getting at? Somebody around here wishes us harm. You know who I think it is?" she demanded. "That old Liane woman. Who else could it be? I believe she hates us, and so she's just gone off and left us here deserted and put that spell there hoping we'd come to harm. And goodness knows what *else* she may be planning! She even took her precious shoes away with her. And that terrible drum and everything—it's all part of the same thing."

"Aw bunk!" said Dave succinctly. But in his own mind he was none too sure his sister was entirely wrong. At this moment, with an almost theatrical splendor, a full moon appeared from behind a range of rugged mountains and flooded the entire scene with uncanny brilliance. In spite of their troubles, the two almost gasped at the amazing beauty of the scene, and stood silent in the doorway watching the spectacle. Even the drum and the weird chanting in the valley had ceased. Tropic silence reigned.

Suddenly the stillness was shattered by an involuntary shriek from Jean.

"Someone—something—inside the doorway—touched me on the arm!"

What treacherous mystery do these young people run into? And how does it work out? What do the crossed matches mean? Where is Liane? Read the conclusion next month.



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## Prunes and Prisms

(Continued from page 20)

one," Beth said brutally. "What luck your finding a pair. Whose were they?"

"Maggie Macdonald's. We'll go round by her house and explain, if you don't mind, Beth. I wonder whether it would be safe to take the gloves off now? I'm afraid of splitting them. I can't think how Maggie ever managed to get her hands into such small gloves. What size are they, I wonder? Oh! Why—Great Scott!—they're not hers! They're—they're Prue Langham's."

"What? Goodness, so they are!" Beth stopped still in astonishment as she saw Prue's name neatly written on the inside of the gloves. "And the little idiot got an order mark for not having any! How on earth did they get into Maggie's bag? Did you go to Prue's by mistake?"

"No, I'm sure I didn't. Besides, Prue was ahead of us in the line—it can't be because I took hers that she hadn't any. Where is the kid? I must catch her up and explain."

"There she is," said Beth, as a solitary little figure disappeared round a corner. She and Nickie tore after Prue.

"Hi! Stop, Prue! We want you," Nickie called, and Prue grew painfully red as Nickie held out the gloves.

"I say, I'm most frightfully sorry! I never meant to take yours. I thought they were Maggie Macdonald's. They were in her bag. I'm sorry you got into a row over them. Come back with me to the school and we'll try and explain."

"Oh, no, no! I don't want that," cried Prue in alarm. "I knew they were there. I—I put them there on purpose."

Prue's face burnt even more fiercely than before as she explained.

"I—I heard what Beth said about looking in Maggie's bag. And—and I slipped my pair in."

"What on earth did you do that for?" asked Nickie.

"I didn't want you to get an order mark," said Prue. It didn't matter for me. I—I'm not p-playing in the t-tennis t-tournament," she stammered.

"But you've broken your record. It's the first bad mark you've ever had. I can't go letting you break your record for me," Nickie said.

"I don't mind about my record," said Prue. "I wanted to break it. I've been trying to get an order mark for ever such a long time."

"You wanted to get an order mark?" said Nickie. "Whatever for?"

"So—so that you wouldn't call me Prunes and Prisms any longer," breathed Prue. And then, suddenly, shyness descended upon her again, and she fled.

Beth and Nickie were too astonished to run after her this time.

"I never dreamt she minded as much as that," Nickie said in compunction. "Fancy trying to get bad marks on purpose! And then to go saving me from the Head like that! I'd no idea she was such a little brick!"

"I shall never call her Prunes and Prisms again," declared Beth.

"Nor shall I," said Nickie.

And they never did.

*Jo Ann and Tommy resolve to start the year right!—*

## The Borrowed Party

(Continued from page 11)

til she could safely bid Aunt Caroline good-night and go alone to her room to watch them.

There they were, ever so many of them now, all in costume, all masked. The bright colors of their costumes, the gay swinging lanterns overhead had transformed the yard into a fairyland. Three musicians played on the back porch, shuffling their feet for warmth.

It was an empty sort of fun to be just watching. But suddenly Gretel's heart leaped as she remembered the little black mask she'd worn at the Hallowe'en party. It must still be in her handkerchief box where she'd put it for safe keeping. She found the box. It was there! She began to tremble with excitement. She'd wear the rose-colored suit. The cap and the mask would cover her red hair.

Oh, now she could write to Phyllis!

"I just slipped down the back stairs and went around the block and walked in on that party as though I'd had a dozen invitations. Not a soul guessed that I was a stranger." Thinking how she'd write it gave her courage to carry out her plan.

On the edge of the flood of colored lights she hesitated, screened by a group of laughing boys and girls.

"Hullo, there. Didn't you bring any skates?" a girl in a scarlet tunic asked, her hospitable tone betraying that she was Jacky.

"She can use mine. My feet are frozen," another offered at once.

A cowboy stepped from the group.

"Let me put them on for you."

Gretel dared not trust herself to decline the offer. And when the boy had adjusted the skates he held out his hand.

"Give me the first turn, will you?"

And there she was, flying in and out among the others, her blood singing, her eyes dancing behind the little mask.

"Say, you're expert on the ice, aren't you?" The boy's tone was hearty.

"I love it. I guess I love skating more than anything, except basketball."

"Football first with me. And then this kind of thing. I'd duck a hope-to-die party indoors any day for skating."

"So would I!" agreed Gretel. And she laughed happily, because she felt happy and so at ease with this big cowboy who liked skating as much as she did.

And presently a Pierrot stopped them and took Gretel away from the cowboy.

"Here, let me have a turn with Molly. You are Molly Allan. You can't fool me." And she laughed at that. And after a moment the Pierrot had to give her to another of the young men skating around and that one to another and each praised her for her adeptness on borrowed skates.

Borrowed skates! It was borrowed fun she was having but she

didn't care now, she was so thrilled.

The cowboy claimed her again. "Someone says there's going to be stunt skating, now. Can you waltz?"

The boy left her long enough to ask the musicians to play a waltz. And when it began he swung her out upon the ice.

As he bent and circled, she responded to his lead so that they were as one graceful body in motion. The onlookers gathered closer about them, applauding.

"Who are they?" a girl cried.

Gretel heard it. She pulled on her partner's hand.

"Stop!" she begged. Suddenly she was frightened, aghast at what she had done. She flopped down on a bench and began to unfasten her skates.

"I—I've got to go! I shouldn't have come. I'm horribly ashamed. I feel like a thief. I don't know a soul here. I've never spoken to Jacky in my life. I've just watched her from my window—over there. I'm Gretel Ames. I'm staying there with my aunt for the holidays and it's—it's horribly lonesome. I mean there isn't any fun! And they were all having such fun over here that I just came—" Her low voice broke.

But the boy began to laugh. "You crashed it, did you? That's funny. I'm crashing it, too. Oh, I know Dick at college, but he doesn't know I'm here. I'd promised to go home with another fellow but I ducked it at the last moment and came here to Edgeborough to spend the holidays with my uncle. Just got here and thought it would be fun to surprise old Dick—"

Jacky, observing Gretel and her partner, had skated swiftly up to them.

"You're not going? You can't go. We're going to have supper and prizes!"

"They've got to unmask! They can't go unless they do!" someone challenged.

The cowboy laughed. Bowing low to Jacky he removed his mask dramatically.

"Why—" Jacky's voice was cool. She stepped back, staring.

But at that moment Dick came up from behind. He gave a loud whoop and threw himself at the cowboy.

"You here! You old rummy, not to let me know! We'd have had the band out to meet you. Jacky, it's—"

But the cowboy interrupted him. He had graciously drawn Gretel forward.

"And this is my friend, Gretel Ames."

A few days later Phyllis, to her great surprise and chagrin, received this letter:

"—Of course I wouldn't take the prize for the skating after what I'd done. But Jacky was a peach. I'm having a perfect whirl of a time with them. I'm not going to tell you who the cowboy is until I get back to school but his initials are G. C.!! And here's a clue. He'd rather play football than anything else! Gretel!"



Don't miss this Ellis Parker Butler story next month



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—I've earned \$9.00 so far and I'm hoping for more yet. I spent part of my earnings for a dashing little hat. Mother thinks it's so becoming, and she is so proud of me.

*Ella C., Ohio*

—I earned \$4.00 in the Club just "in the nick of time" to help me entertain a friend who is visiting me. We went to a show, had ice cream afterwards and then took a taxi home. I never had so much fun spending money, for I was not taking it from something I needed. Club money has also paid for a new party frock.

*Mary B., Iowa*

—I want to thank the Club for the Amberoid pencil, my pin and the brief case which came a short time ago. It is easy to work for the Club when such lovely things are always coming to me.

*Elsie S., Oregon*

I feel that you also would be happy in our Club and I don't know of a better time to join than—*now!* Your Club pin is waiting, dollars are ahead and prizes are eager to be won. The coupon below will bring all the details.

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## Vagabond's Ward

(Continued from page 25)

for a moment dazedly at the triumphant face of Guillaume. Then without a sound he crumpled to the floor.

"Fool!" cried Perrot angrily. "Take care what you do! He must be returned in good condition."

"Let him guard his tongue then," said Guillaume, giving the limp body a kick.

Then the rogues crossed to the bar. All was silent in the dim room except for their desultory whispering. André lay where they had left him.

After a few moments little Kate crept, like a small gray shadow, to the boy's side. Compassionately she knelt beside him. How clean he was and his skin, like velvet! She stroked back his curls and murmured little endearments until his eyelids fluttered. When he opened his eyes he was alone.

He spent a restless, indescribably painful night and woke to find gray morning in the sordid room where he had lain on a hard bench all through the long weary hours.

He stood up and as he did so the one-eyed Perrot entered.

"Awake?" said the latter roughly.

"That is well. Here are some clothes."

André accepted the dirty bundle of rags. They took everything from him.

Left alone, he buried his face in his hands. He forgot everything but his own overpowering anger and loneliness.

Thus Kate, coming in with bread and water found him. She stopped short in amazement. The little lord had disappeared. In his place was a peasant lad in coarse, filthy rags.

"Messire," she whispered.

André sprang to his feet. "*You—*" he said in a voice of loathing.

Kate dropped her eyes. "*Here—is your breakfast,*" she said.

"I do not want any," retorted André, glancing incredulously at the crust of black bread she had extended.

"Please, you will be hungry by and by," she urged.

"That is my own affair," he said icily.

"I—I," Kate began, but she could not go on. Silently she turned away and walked, with head bowed, into the kitchen.

André stared coldly after her. The little beggar! Did she think to make friends that she might spy upon him? He was still staring at the door through which she had gone when she returned. She was very white and she did not look at him. He watched her sit down near the bar and then he looked away. Soon there came knocks upon the door. André looked up. Kate unlocked and unbolted the door.

"Torto!" she cried.

An enormously fat man ambled in. He had a round, expressionless face and light-colored, glassy eyes. When little Kate admitted him he looked at her with a childish grin. Then he gazed around the room until he saw André. Surprised and puzzled, the big man padded over to where the boy sat watching him. With another grin he bent and placed his hand upon André's ragged shoulder.

Instantly André got to his feet. "Rogue! Hands off me!" he cried fiercely.

Then a strange thing happened. Torto the dumb looked at him for a moment. His childish mind comprehended the boy's fear and hatred and with a queer whimper he crept heavily away. As André stared after him in wonder and a dawning regret, Kate spoke sharply.

"How could you! How could you, messire? It is Torto the dumb. Could you not see? He is kind. He has never grown up. You should not be cruel to him."

André turned on her. "I am to take your word for what is good?"

Kate dropped her eyes that had been so fiery. "He is God's," she whispered.

"I am to believe that, too?" asked André mockingly.

"You are cruel!" she gasped and fled from the room.

André bit his lip. Cruel? He glanced doubtfully at Torto. The big man sat huddled in a corner, his head hanging. He was the picture of misery. After a moment's hesitation the boy went over to him.

"Messire!" he said. He bent and touched the huge hand. Then Torto stared up at him with light, anxious eyes. Incredibly touched, André smiled.

At once Torto understood. His face beamed with joy. Clumsily he got to his feet and putting his hand in his breeches pocket drew out some loose coins. These he held out to the boy.

André flushed. Still wearing that wistful smile, he shook his head. Torto nodded cheerfully, not at all offended as André half feared he might be. They were standing thus when Kate again entered.

She glanced from one to the other and her face colored joyously. "There! I take it back that you are cruel, messire!"

"It matters not to me what you think," shrugged André. He walked away, a queer little figure very regal in his rags.

Kate clasped her hands tightly together. "Monsieur," she cried softly.

André turned unwillingly. "Yes?"

"Won't you forgive me?" she asked wistfully. "I—I had to help capture you, but it was sore against my will."

André looked implacably at her. All the pride and arrogance of a long line of gentle forbears had suddenly come to him. He, who had never looked unkindly on any living thing, now cruelly insulted the poor trembling child before him.

"I can never forgive you, canaille!" he said and turned his back on her.

Behind him Kate caught her breath to stifle a sob. She deserved it, of course. He had been so happy and generous and friendly. She dashed away tears and crept to the back shed where she threw herself down upon coarse sacks. She wept very bitterly. Then the thought of Villon came to her. The last time she had sobbed he had come to comfort her with all that dear, whimsical foolishness of voice and touch so pleasantly his own.

Meanwhile André sitting in his corner, let the dreary hours go by. His thoughts wandered to Kate and he wondered at

*Nadine and the Berts come back in January—*



one so small being so brave. It was too bad, he conceded, that she was also false.

## CHAPTER VI

### Torto's Mission

It was several days later and André still waited for his freedom. He came bitterly to believe that his captors had made no attempt to obtain ransom. They were waiting, playing upon the anxiety of his parents. Sitting upon his hard bench, he suddenly covered his face with trembling hands. He was remembering a conversation which had been haunting him ever since he had been kidnaped.

They had all been sitting about the fireplace one cold winter evening. Monsieur Normand, a learned gentleman, friend to *le Comte*, was there and several others whom he could not remember. They had been talking about kidnappings.

"The rogues know they can extort any price for their thievery," Monsieur Normand had said thoughtfully.

"Which is exactly why they flourish," the count had retorted coldly. "If we would all refuse to pay ransom the practice would stop, I assure you!"

"But monsieur, you forget the parents; the children! Many would have to suffer bitterly," said the learned gentleman quite gently. "Even then the practice would never stop entirely."

"A few would suffer so that many might live without fear. That is my idea of Christianity," retorted the count.

André remembered how he had started, full of a vague fear; how his mother's lips had lost their smile.

Just at this moment there came a pounding upon the door of the inn. André sprang to his feet. Was it rescue?

Perrot came swearing from the back regions, his face livid. "Police! What did I tell you, Guillaume!" he shrieked.

Guillaume behind him winked reassuringly. Together they rushed for André.

"Beasts!" cried the boy and held himself rigid.

But Guillaume had snatched up a pint jug on his way. A moment later André dropped to the floor beneath its impact.

"Quick!" cried Perrot.

Between them they lifted the unconscious boy and carried him across the room. There was a trap door in the floor. At Perrot's soft command Kate, trembling like a leaf, tugged at it. Exerting all her strength, she managed to open it. Then while outside the pounding redoubled in noise, the two rogues stumbled down some rickety steps and into a noisome cellar. Here they flung André down and ran for one side of the seemingly solid stone wall.

Perrot ran his grimy fingers down its length, and catching his breath tore at one of the stones. Guillaume joined him and together they tugged.

The stone weighed and their fingers bled as they tore at it. Slowly it moved and then fell out with a clatter. In a flash they had shoved André through the small, dark aperture. It took only a moment more to push the stone back.

They were safe!

"Let 'em in, Kate!" Perrot called up the trap door. (Continued on page 44)

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## A Literary Christmas Stocking

**T**HERE are all kinds of ways of filling Christmas stockings. Varied though these be, a few conventions are observed as a matter of course. For instance, in the toe of the stocking there is apt to be an apple, or an orange, or a potato stuffed with a joke; then there's usually something useful, such as gloves, or stockings, or underwear, or a check. Quite indispensable, no matter how old we grow, are the Christmas candy or cakes, without which it just doesn't seem Christmas, and then, if we're lucky, there are some very special wishes which come true this time of year and cause that overjoyed squeal only heard early on Christmas mornings!

In the world of books it is possible to fill just such a stocking. For example, we are going to fill the toe of this particular literary stocking with the apples and oranges of historical tales. They make real food, of a holiday flavor appropriate both to Christmas mornings and to the precious leisure afternoons and evenings that are a part of the season's privileges. First there is *How They Carried the Mail* by Joseph Walker (Sears Publishing Company). Over the tremendous doors of the New York Post Office there is a quotation which many people read and ponder over. It reads thus: "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." This book tells the stories of these "couriers". From the earliest Biblical and Roman times, when the only couriers were fleet runners, breathlessly handing on their messages from one to the other, through the galloping messengers of the days of chivalry, the daring pony express riders and the Overland Stage, down to the fast rail, mail and airplane service of our own day, we are given fascinating pictures of loyalty and speed. Did you ever think of Benjamin Franklin as a postmaster? Or of the gallant Chevalier Roland in any but the most romantic connections? When you see famous people playing with their favorite hobby of mail delivery, you get an entirely new idea of them.

*Loud Sing Cuckoo* by Edith Gelders Sterne (Duffield and Company) is another book which shows a famous man in an original light. We see Geoffrey Chaucer, no less, taking a hand in the varied fortunes of Alison and Hugh. They live in troublous times, and the

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

disappearance of Alison's father forces her to don boys' clothing and to play boys' parts with a company of strolling actors, because the country is not safe for unprotected girls. The young nobleman Hugh, on the other hand, being too severely guarded in an uncongenial school, runs away from it into a series of thrilling adventures in which his path crosses Alison's always at crucial moments. Taking a leap from Chaucer's England to that of Charles the First, we read the story of *Robert the Roundhead* by Clarence Stratton (Oxford University Press). It tells how an English boy's bravery, ingenuity and luck rescue him from tight corners and free his family from a great anxiety in regard to his sister Prue.

Having filled the apple and orange section of our literary stocking, it will be fun to put in some of the candies and cakes, nuts and raisins which we munch with special Christmas zest. There are some fine girls' books this month which fill this purpose. *Kid* by Mary Biddle Fittler (Harper and Brothers) is the story of Mary Sue, a motherless girl who has been brought up chiefly by cowboys on a Wyoming ranch. Coming East to live, she fights vigorously against wearing girls' clothes, submitting to the directions of a governess and, in general, living the quiet and supervised life of a civilized American girl. She is helped to a different point of view by Reddy MacManus, whom many of you have met before in another book, and his friend Stocky. They use methods which are at first rather rough, but which grow more and more interesting as the story unfolds. Mary Sue is a lovable and plucky character and has our sympathy from first to last. *One Girl's Way* by Edith Vezolles Davis (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard) is the story of seventeen-year-old Anise who, with two cousins, both of them wealthy and popular, attends a coeducational university. From the first she finds herself in conflict with their snobbish standards, and when she insists on befriending a Syrian boy who is working his way through college, a downright break in their relationship is threatened. Anise explains matters to an understanding uncle who takes all three abroad, where they come again in contact with the Syrian under the most

mysterious and thrilling circumstances.

*Land Spell* by Gladys Hasty Carroll (Macmillan) shows what interesting things can happen in the lives of a hard-working farmer and his family. Stephanie has been brought up in luxury, but because she wants to understand the spell of the land as it is exercised over her farm-struck brother, she makes one of a large and struggling household. She pays her modest board, and it is not until the end of the story, when she has been of real help to plucky Jen, the housekeeper, Lois May struggling against her longing for city gayeties, funny little Bun and other interesting characters in their many and trying situations, that we understand how and why she came to them. *Those Thornton Girls* by Mary Ethel Oliver (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard) tells the story of two talented younger sisters, Fay and Billee, and an older one, Cristel, who has always been considered, if not the ugly duckling, at least the untalented one of the family. Aunt Dorothy, on a visit to the family, proves herself a distinct addition and not the prim and exacting trial they had dreaded, and, best of all, she gives Cristel that most wonderful assurance—the feeling that she, too, has a real talent and the ability to develop it. *Sun Gold* by Alice Cooper Bailey (Houghton Mifflin) is the title of a picture painted by the artist father of Cynthia and Jerry Jayne. Not only that, but it has once prompted their mother to assure them that, although moneyed gold may not be their portions in life, yet sun gold is always there for those who can see and love it. After the death of their parents, Cynthia and Jerry go to Hawaii, where their grandfather lives. He has objected to his daughter's marriage and his grandchildren want to make their way without any help from him. How they finally meet him and win him over to them is the climax of a story whose gay Hawaiian scenes, color and animation make it live reading.

Having put the sweets in our stocking and munched liberally at them, it's time to remember that we must include something substantial and yet ornamental—something which will correspond to the silk stockings and gloves and pretty underwear which are in many Christmas stockings. For this purpose, the gift books of the season, which show us old favorites in new dresses, are most appropri- (Continued on page 44)

Have you entered the new Book Contest?—



## CHRISTMAS BOOKS and Books for All the Year Around



### STARS TO-NIGHT: Verses New and Old for Boys and Girls

By Sara Teasdale. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop

A blue and silver book of verse about stars and spring and flowers and birds, by a famous poet. The pictures by a favorite artist, are as lovely as the poems. An unusual gift for young people and grown-ups alike. Limited edition, signed by the author and artist \$7.50  
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### RING-A-ROUND: A Collection of Verses for Boys and Girls

By Mildred P. Harrington. Illustrated by Corydon Bell

An anthology for very small readers. A big, fat, fully illustrated book of carefully selected poems, interestingly arranged. Here are old favorites and the best of new material. \$3.00

### WAIK MAID

By May McNeer. Illustrated by Lynd Ward

A fascinating story of a young girl and her strange companions who adventure together through Germany in the days of the famous Dürer. \$2.50



### THE ROGUES' ROAD

By Virgil Markham. Illustrated by Henry Pitz

A fine, exciting tale of Shropshire for those who enjoy adventure and romance. Another novel about "The Scamp." \$2.25

### THREE CHRISTMAS TREES

By Mrs. Ewing. Illustrated by Pamela Bianco

These charming tales of Christmas which have been read by many generations, were favorites of the famous young illustrator who has made delightful pictures for them. \$1.75

### THE WONDER ROAD: Book I, Familiar Haunts, Book II, Enchanted Paths, Book III, Far Horizons

By Edwin D. Starbuck and Frank Shuttleworth. Illustrated by Henry Pitz and Harold Sickel.

Three volumes of fairy tales from many countries and many ages. An excellent foundation for the fairy tale section of your library. Each \$2.50

### THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD

By Gwendolen Seiler

A play for reading and acting, particularly suitable for production by the high school age. The author has given careful directions for scenery and costumes. \$1.75

### THE SNOW IMAGE

By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop (The Little Library)

This charming fairy tale has been added to a well loved series. Dorothy Lathrop's illustrations are among the loveliest she has ever done. There is a full color spread and many black and white drawings. \$1.00

### THE GREEN AND BLUE LIBRARY

This new series has been started for older boys and girls. It contains famous titles and authors and all the books are illustrated by distinguished artists. Among the titles included are:

#### THE CROSSING (Book I)

By Winston Churchill. Illustrated by John Rae

#### THE GOLD-BUG AND OTHER STORIES AND POEMS

By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Carlos Sanchez

#### WESTWARD HO!

By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by Henry Pitz

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By Captain Marryat. Illustrated by Lynd Ward

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## Christmas Books for Girl Friends



### THE GYPSY BRIDLE

By  
**Lenora Mattingly Weber**

The heroine of "Wind on the Prairie" is given a bridle, and at once her brother, friends, the live stock, and the crops are involved in a mysterious situation. 23 illustrations by Kurt Wiese. \$2.00

### THE WHITE CAPTAIN

By **Georgia Fraser**

An Indian princess of Virginia of 1607 is so lovely and fine that an English captain falls in love with her against his will. Here is the true story of their romance. Frontispiece by Frank E. Schoonover. \$2.00



### WHAT KATY DID NEXT

By **Susan Coolidge**

Readers of "What Katy Did" and "What Katy Did at School" will be glad to travel, make friends, and dance with Katy in Europe in this third volume of the series. Beacon Hill Bookshelf. 5 illustrations in color by Ralph Pallen Coleman. \$2.00

### THE GIRL REPORTER

By **Carl N. Claudy**

A millionaire's daughter finds herself an orphan with only one thousand dollars. She has pluck, however, and becomes an adventurous and successful newspaper reporter. An Atlantic Book. 6 illustrations by P. B. Parsons. \$2.00



[These illustrations are taken  
from "The Gypsy Bridle"]

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"Books for Girls"

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Publishers, Boston

## A Literary Christmas Stocking

(Continued from page 42)

ate. First there is *The Story of Roland* by James Baldwin, illustrated by Peter Hurd (Scribner's). Roland is one of the most romantic of legendary characters, and the age of chivalry in which he lived, a never-ending delight. A new edition of Edgar Allan Poe's *Gold Bug* (Macmillan), has shivery pictures by Carlos Sanchez—fitting illustrations for such cheerful little classics as "The Masque of the Red Death," "The Pit and the Pendulum," and other famous Poe tales which we have all read with chattering teeth and beating hearts. Stephen Vincent Benét's poem *Joln Brown's Body* (Doubleday, Doran) is also presented as a gift book, in a finely illustrated edition by James Daugherty.

When it comes to the last part of our literary Christmas stocking, that of putting there some very special wishes which come true, we find it difficult but, as usual, therefore doubly interesting. Wishes are so varied and so individual, we can only guess at them. All of us love a good laugh—as many of them as we can get—and for this purpose there are two books infectiously gay and lively. One is *Emil and the Detectives* by Erich Kastner (Doubleday, Doran). When you read about Emil, who is a regular boy if ever there was one; his mother, who shampoos heads for her living and whom Emil adores; the man in the stiff hat, who causes all the trouble, and Tony Hutchen, Emil's cousin, who shows you, in her funny way, just what little girls are made of—when you read about all these and get a real detective story besides, I feel sure you'll want to include this book in your stocking.

Another book which has many laughs and thrills in it is *Floating Island* by Anne Parrish (Harper's). This book looks as though it is written for younger girls, but I recommend it to you without any hesitation, because it's such good fun from beginning to end for people who own, or have ever owned, a doll-house. Six of the funniest and most life-like of dolls are wrecked on a desert island. They do not submit tamely to their fate, and, although widely separated, manage to become reunited after a series of adventures which are so original and so interesting that I refuse to give you any idea of them because the quotation marks would be overworked. The illustrations are by the author and are funny beyond words.

However, there's more than fun we want to put in this very special part of our Christmas stocking. There is a sense of the beauty of Christmas, or the spiritual feeling of this great day, which, if we can personify it in a book, would put the finishing touch to our stocking. *The Cat Who Went to Heaven* by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan) is such a book. Not that it makes any reference to Christmas—please do not get that idea. But it provides so many beautiful thoughts and feelings that it is a worthy spokesman for our purpose. You will love the story for its fine ideals and its artistic presentation as well as for the absorbing interest it arouses in the Japanese artist and his white cat "Good Fortune."

The stocking is filled. May you all find in it something to appeal to your very own selves, and to help make this indeed a Merry Christmas.

## Vagabond's Ward

(Continued from page 41)

They heard Kate run obediently across the floor. Grimly the two rogues went for a wine casket and pouring the wine out freely, they thoroughly drenched their clothes and faces.

Meanwhile Kate, unbolting the door, fell back in sudden terror. The watch and half a dozen retainers of the De Gresserts burst into the room.

"What's this?" growled the leader. He was tall and brusque looking.

"P-please, I was asleep," stammered Kate.

"Where's your master?" asked another, one of the watch this time.

"He's drunk," said Kate, weeping.

"A fine inn, this!" growled the leader. "Well, we are looking for a young boy named André de Gressert. He has been kidnaped. Is he here?"

"N-no," wept Kate.

While his men searched the inn, Captain Jehan leaned back

against the wall. He looked carefully around the dingy room and then at Kate.

"Why was your door bolted?" He put the question to her abruptly.

Kate lifted innocent eyes. "Please, it's morning and we do no business mornings. We keep locked up for safety."

"You lie," retorted Captain Jehan. He spoke without emotion.

They waited for what seemed an eternity to poor little Kate. She bit her lips, thinking of the cellar!

Then the watch came up from there with two of De Gressert's men. They came empty-handed.

"The host and one other are dead drunk down there," said the watch. "We couldn't rouse them, but we have searched thoroughly. There was nothing."

Captain Jehan mused a moment. "Wine there, little baggage!" he ordered abruptly.

When they had quenched their thirst, they left and Kate



Do you know that there is a technique in being a guest?—

was free to burst into terrible sobs. After a long moment she recovered herself and creeping to the door locked and bolted it again. Then she ran to the top of the cellar stairs and peered down.

"Perrot—they are gone!" she called.

The two rascals came cheerfully upstairs. "Now we are safe!" chuckled Guillaume.

Kate looked at him. "What of André, messire?"

Guillaume sighed. "Pist! That is so. Well, he can wait until someone arrives. Two people aren't enough for that great stone. Get us wine."

Kate flushed angrily. "But Guillaume, he is sick and hurt. That blocked up passage is dark and stuffy. It will kill him!"

Guillaume hesitated and as he did so there came brisk knocks upon the door. "An assistant!" he boomed cheerfully.

Kate opened the door. Then she fell back with a cry of pleasure. "François!" she said joyously.

Villon stood grinning at her. "A boire!" he cried gaily.

"You arrive in good season," said Guillaume. "We need your help."

Thus it was that André, awakening from the depths of uneasy blackness, felt hands cool and tender rubbing his painful brow.

He realized that he was supported by a steely arm and half lay against someone very strong and slender. He lifted his gaze to the face bending over him. Then he cried out—it was so different from what he had expected.

It was a thin face, an oval, darkling face lit by eyes that were like great, glowing emeralds.

"Who are *you*?" asked André.

The stranger laughed. He had a very melodious laugh. "Odds if I know myself. I've often wondered, Monsieur André. How is the head?"

André touched his sore brow. It felt cool and wet. "Vinegar?" he wondered.

"Right," laughed he of the green eyes. "Would you like a drink of water?"

André nodded his head. Kate, appearing as if by magic, held out a glass to him.

Villon's eyes lingered upon the small figure clad in gray. The child's face was very pale, and her soft corn-colored hair made it seem whiter yet. She looked fleetingly at André and smiled shyly once upon Villon. Then she disappeared into the rear.

"Yonder is my ward," said Villon carelessly.

"You mean Kate?" asked André in a stiff voice.

"Yes, I mean Kate. Is she not tender and pretty?"

"I had not noticed," said the boy more stiffly still.

Villon looked keenly into the angry face. "You do not like Kate?"

André's eyes hardened. "I hate her if you *will* know."

"I—see," Villon said and said no more. After a moment he rose and disappeared also into the rear.

He found Kate sitting forlornly upon her crude bed in

the little back shed. She lifted swimming eyes at his approach and gave him a smile of tremulous affection. Villon gazed gravely into the wet face.

"Mademoiselle my ward seems troubled," he remarked.

Kate smiled with trembling lips and wiped her eyes. Villon bowed, lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it. "You grieve over André's coldness?"

"But yes, François!" she cried. "He will not listen. He thinks I *liked* to betray him. He hates me and he will never forgive."

Villon laughed impishly. "Of that I am not so sure. In his heart he likes you, but his head is angry that you tricked him. Do not speak to him at all, Kate. Before he goes he will like you."

"Is he not beautiful, François?" murmured the child. "So bright his face and soft his skin! I have never seen one so fair!"

Villon laughed again. "Have you ever looked into a mirror, Kate?"

The child flushed. "I—I am not fair, messire! How can you think so who love Kath—" she paused, too late.

"Katherine has quite a common beauty," said Villon calmly. "She is dark and there are many black ladies in Paris just as beautiful. But you who, being French, are pale and golden have a loveliness most exquisite."

"But, François, if you think Katherine's but a common beauty, how can you never forget her?" Kate wondered.

All the mirth faded from that thin black face. "Ah, Kate!" he groaned. "It is herself, outside her beauty, that will ever torment me."

Meanwhile André watched the door through which his stranger had vanished. He was more like a prince than a vagabond, thought the boy. Who could he be?

Now it was evening and the inn was beginning to fill. Kate appeared looking, André noticed, much better and happier. She did not approach him at all, whereupon he wondered a little. Torto brought his supper of black bread and dried fish.

It was while he was eating it that he heard a voice raised in jaunty song. It was a careless and gallant voice, ringing like silver. André strained his ears. Now the words came to him, familiar words.

André sprang to his feet. It was! It must be! The stranger had appeared and now crossed to him.

"You are François Villon!" André cried.

Villon stared gaily into André's astounded face. "Granted, my sharp young sir. What of it?" he asked impudently.

André was quite white from shock. His stranger with the eyes of a seer was Villon, the great singer! Villon, exiled by reason of his wild escapades, about whose name there hung a hundred fantastic tales! Villon, whose songs, strange, wild, bright, were like frosty stars in the heavens! This was his idol! His poet—here!

Villon looked comprehendingly at the boy's white face. His own softened. "Life is very (Continued on page 46)



Hazel Rawson Cades gives the secret next month. Don't miss it!

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## Vagabond's Ward

(Continued from page 45)

strange, is she not, André?" he murmured. Perrot's voice bawling "François!" interrupted them. Villon looked up.

"When you are done we would like your company," said Perrot disagreeably.

The poet laughed and sauntered across to a corner table. It was not very late and the only men in the room were Guillaume's satellites.

"We have decided to dispatch a message to the father of our unwilling guest," grinned Guillaume, rubbing his fat hands. "We want you to write it now so that tomorrow Torto can take it."

"He is well trained?" asked Villon.

Guillaume sighed. "He is, but it was work! He could not seem to understand that the piece of paper we give him will bring much gold. We are going to post men along the way and Torto understands that the first friend he meets is to take his gold. Then he is to cut off for the woods and if he is followed give his pursuers a merry chase. The next day we return André."

Villon looked queerly at him. "Why all that trouble when Casin or Perinet or even you could have done it? Training poor Torto took valuable time."

Guillaume looked ugly. "There is a risk," he admitted. "We have used Torto before this and he has never come to harm. Write us the letter!"

They sat around the table. Villon sucked the handle of his quill pen, raised his eyebrows, thought a moment, bent his head and wrote.

It took but five minutes and, throwing down his pen, he announced that he was done.

"My lord," he read,

"We, so humble that we abase ourselves before the very thought of you—we, who scurry into our holes at the approach of your cavalcade a mile away, we, dogs, vermin that we are—how shall we tell you, *Messire Le Comte*, that we have kidnaped your only son?"

"But messire, such we regret to state is the case!" continued Villon. "Since to possess is to own, we own your son."

"We will sell him to you for the sum of five hundred gold crowns."

"The messenger who delivers this," went on the poet, "is of an honesty the most admirable. He can be trusted to accept the five hundred gold crowns and bring them safely to us."

"When this has been accomplished and the sale duly completed we shall deliver your son to you. We have the honor to be, messire,

"Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servants, THE BLACK COMRADES."

"You have a gift with words," sighed Perinet. "A great gift! A great gift!"

"Of the devil?" laughed Villon.

Then he rose and sauntered lazily across the room. André stopped him with frightened eyes. "My father will never pay ransom, François Villon," he said.

Villon shrugged. "Who knows what a man will do, André? Try and sleep."

Meanwhile, what of La Place des Fontaines? An air of desolation had fallen about the household once so gay. The lovely countess had aged very much. Mistress Katherine was her only visitor.

One day she questioned the stern count: "Raoul—tell—me. Will you pay ransom?"

"No," the count had answered sternly. "Raoul, your heart, methinks, must be of stone," said his wife faintly.

"They are dogs," he returned. "Not even for André will I bargain with rogues. They deserve the gibbet and they shall swing upon it!"

"That does not give my son to me," said the countess, bursting into sobs.

"Margaret! Margaret! Can't you see? It encourages kidnaping."

The count had turned abruptly away. His stern nature was unchanged, but he could not bear to see his wife's pain.

Katherine had come in later and had tried to soothe the distraught countess.

And at the Inn of The Golden Sow, Guillaume was preparing to lead Torto to La Place des Fontaines. The whole gang was assembled, tense and watchful. Torto stood in the center of this odd group, his vacant eyes aglow.

They set out. Guillaume swaggered through the streets of Paris in all his soiled splendor with Torto trotting admiringly in the rear. They came at last to their goal. Guillaume quickly knocked at the gates. Then in a flash he had gone, leaving Torto to wait patiently for an answer.

It was soon coming. A stoop-shouldered, melancholy servant came hurrying down the path and peered through the bars.

Torto held out the letter.

With shaking hands the servant unlocked the gate, fairly pulled Torto into the court, and led him into the house.

The count and countess were eating their evening meal. She it was who, glancing up in surprise, saw Torto first. She started and grew pale.

"Ah, Raoul!" she cried.

The count turned and an ivory-handled knife he had been using fell with a clatter. "What have we here, Mario?" he asked sternly.

"A—messenger, sir," stammered the servant, handing him the letter.

The count looked fastidiously at the bit of soiled parchment. Frowning, he opened and read it.

The countess watching his face saw it blanch with passion. "Raoul!" she entreated.

"Dogs!" he cried. "They



Will Kate and Villon let André suffer at the hands of the kidnapers?—



dare—they dare to ridicule me! They ask five hundred crowns. I'd sooner throw it into the Seine! I'll hunt them down—I'll hang every one of them!"

Margaret wrung her thin hands. "Raoul! Please! Pay the gold. What matters it?"

The count shook his head. "Trust me, Margaret. But I cannot allow such swine to despoil me. I shall find André myself if I have to tear down Paris. Mario, fetch me Captain Jehan."

They waited and in a few moments a tall, soldierly man entered.

"Ah, Captain! This fellow is a member of the gang that kidnaped your young master. He is to be flogged until he speaks."

Captain Jehan ran an experienced eye over poor Torto's face. "The man is a deaf mute, messire," he said.

"I might have known it. Probably he is a tool. Throw him into prison," said *le Comte* wearily.

"Raoul, Raoul, my poor André! God grant that you never repent of this." The countess covered her face with shaking hands.

Meanwhile at the end of the lane skulked Guillaume. His ugly face grew black as the minutes passed. At last he burst into a flood of profanity.

"Hist!" cried a voice.

It was Casin Chollet wearing an indescribable expression of baffled cunning. "Failure!" he whispered.

"The servants were babbling—I heard all. The count will not pay ransom and swears to hang us all. He has imprisoned Torto. The game is up."

"Not so fast. We still have the boy," said Guillaume in an ugly voice.

Does the frail André survive the ill-treatment he receives at the hands of his kidnapers? Read next month's thrilling installment.

*What has happened so far in this story*

The Inn of The Golden Sow, a sinister place run by Frère Perrot, in 1458, is the only home Kate has ever known. The evil Perrot sends her to the Faubourg of St. Honoré and to the square in front of Notre Dame to steal for him. He has even forced her to assist in kidnappings carried on by his three evil companions, Perinet de la Barre, Casin Chollet and Guillaume d'Orleans. Guillaume is the cruelest of the three, and the most cowardly. He has planned the kidnaping of young André de Gressert, with little Kate for a decoy.

François Villon, the romantic beggar and poet, is her only solace. He rescues her from the police when she is arrested one day for stealing, because he has seen her admiring Katherine de Vancelles earlier that afternoon before Notre Dame Cathedral. Mistress Katherine is a beautiful, stately creature who scorns Villon's love. Little Kate is, in a way, Katherine's namesake and François takes her for his ward.

André de Gressert is the handsome son of *le Comte de Gressert*. More of a dreamer than most boys, his hero is François Villon whom he has never seen, but whose songs he has long loved. Torto the dumb is a friend to everyone.

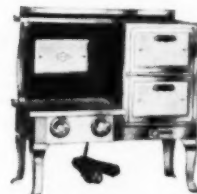


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See for yourself in next month's exciting installment of "Vagabond's Ward"

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Have you ever thought of cooking fish?—



## "What Meat Shall I Buy?"



(Continued from page 22)  
cup of liquid allow one  
tablespoon of flour and  
one tablespoon of fat from the pan.  
Cream these together, then dilute with  
some of the hot liquid from the pan,  
then pour it back into the pan. Set over  
the fire and stir until the liquid thickens.  
Strain into a gravy boat.

### MENU TWO

Grapefruit cocktail  
Steak with mushrooms  
Potatoes and onions in cream  
Grilled tomatoes  
Combination salad  
Hot rolls  
Jelly  
Spanish Cream

In the average household, steaks and chops are more popular than roasts, because they are more easily cooked and served. So the second menu is built around a steak. The most expensive steaks are the club and porterhouse, which are cut just back of the rib roasts. Next come the various cuts of sirloin extending back to the leg from which the tougher but cheaper round steaks are cut. Cheaper steaks are cut also from the chuck and shoulder. In the smaller animals the steaks are known as chops and cutlets.

All steaks must be eaten as soon as cooked if the meat is to be at its best. This means that most of the dinner must be ready before cooking the steak which will require only about fifteen or twenty minutes to prepare. For pan broiled steak heat an iron frying pan very hot. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Put steak into the hot pan and when it is brown on one side turn and brown on the other. Lower the heat as soon as it is seared. If the heat is too high the steak becomes rubber-like. Turn again and cook a few minutes more. Lift to a hot platter. Spread the steak with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Garnish with sautéed mushrooms. Serve at once. Chops are cooked in the same general way that steaks are.

### MENU THREE

Liver and bacon  
Mashed potatoes  
Buttered carrots  
Sautéed apple rings  
Rolls and butter  
Relish  
Prune fluff

Since the discovery of the value of liver in making blood and curing anemia, it has become very popular and also very expensive, but even so it should appear on the family menu at least once a week. Calf's liver is the tenderest and choicest and also the most expensive in this line of meat. Allow one fourth of a pound per serving. Have it cut in less than one half inch slices. Keep on ice until ready to cook. Fry strips of bacon until crisp. Remove from the

fat to drain on wrap-  
ping paper. Pour a little  
of the bacon fat into an-  
other pan. Drop the slices of liver into  
the hot fat. As soon as the liver is brown  
on one side turn and brown on the other.  
Lower the heat and cook until tender.  
In the meantime wash one or two large  
apples and remove the cores. Then cut  
them in slices about a third of an inch  
thick. Put these slices in the fat in the  
other pan and brown, keeping them  
whole. Now cut the carrots into shoe  
string strips. A tablespoon of butter is then  
melted in a saucepan, the carrots put in  
and tossed about. A teaspoon of salt is  
now added and enough water to cover.  
They are then cooked rapidly. Add but-  
ter and salt and pepper if needed. A way  
to serve this course is shown in the illus-  
tration on the first page of this article.  
Spread the buttered carrots in a layer  
in the bottom of a hot platter, then ar-  
range the liver down the center and top  
each piece with a ring of apple and a  
strip of bacon.

### MENU FOUR

Meat and vegetable in casserole  
Relish  
Beet and cabbage salad  
Orange cocoanut pudding

There are many ways of preparing a cheap cut of meat in an appetizing way, but I'm going to tell you my favorite. By the way, a tough piece of meat often has more flavor than the tender cuts.

For this dish you may choose veal cut-  
lets, round steak, or any cheap piece of  
meat. Have it cut one half inch thick  
and in pieces suitable for serving. If it  
is a particularly tough cut, dip each  
piece of meat in a little French dress-  
ing and set away for an hour. Then  
spread a piece of clean wrapping paper  
on the table. On this put a half cup of  
flour seasoned with a teaspoon of salt.  
Roll each piece of meat in the seasoned  
flour. Then put into a hot frying pan  
just as you did the steak and cook until  
it is brown on one side. Turn and brown  
the other. Tough meat must be cooked  
always in moist heat or it will shrink and  
become tougher and tougher. So after  
the meat is seared the rest of the flour  
is added and enough water, meat stock  
or tomato juice barely to cover. It is  
then covered and put in the oven to  
cook at a low heat for about an hour. In  
the meantime cut up carrots as you did  
for the liver menu. Add a slice or two of  
turnip, two potatoes both cut in shoe  
string strips, also, and peel six or a dozen  
little white onions. Cook them all much  
as you did the carrots only not as long  
and in less water. Take the casserole out  
of the oven, remove the meat, put in the  
vegetables in layers. Put the  
meat back on top. Cover and  
continue cooking until meat is  
tender. Serve from casserole.  
This is a nice dish to prepare  
when you are not sure the  
guests will be on time. Finish  
up the meal with the salad  
and pudding mentioned above.



Winifred Moses has some good suggestions next month



## Don't Sit Around Moping about Christmas

IF YOUR Christmas list is too  
long and your pocketbook too  
slim, don't sit around worrying.

If you have to leave some of  
your best friends off your list  
because your money won't go  
around, don't gloom.

If you have to bring down the  
cost of Mother's gift or Dad's,  
because you just couldn't save  
enough, don't fret.

### There's a Way

You can find a way out of  
your difficulties if you get busy.  
You can earn money quickly and  
easily and pleasurably for all the  
things you need. Betty Brooks  
will help you get the nicest gifts  
for your family and friends this  
year. You can throw gloom out  
of the window and get out of  
your moping chair and rejoice.

### Write to Betty Brooks

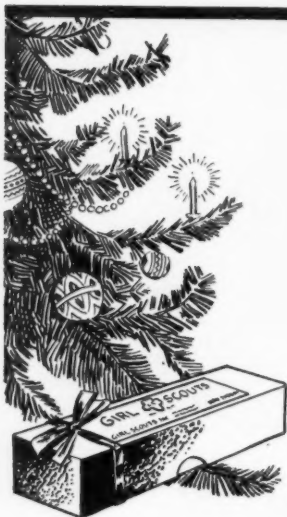
Why don't you write to Betty  
Brooks immediately and let her  
tell you how you can earn enough  
money to buy that antelope bag  
for Mother, that wallet for Dad,  
those English golf stockings for  
Brother, those exquisite gloves  
for Sister—and oh, those many  
exciting presents for your best  
chums and cousins!

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On your Christmas list this year, be sure to mention the Ulster Girl Scout Knife. And, if you are wondering what to present to a girl friend, you may be sure that this inexpensive but useful gift will please.

If your local store does not stock the Ulster Official Girl Scout Knife, they can get it for you, or it may be ordered direct from the National Girl Scout Equipment Department.

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actual size

## Christmas Is with Us Again

(Continued from page 33)

nuts are indispensable, the Girl Scouts of Porto Rico are eating hot green banana pie, rice fritters, papaw syrup candy, and the most important of all—roast pig! Thousands of pigs are roasted on those three days!

### A Real Christmas Festival

*Little House festivities last a week!*

The Hoboken, New Jersey Girl Scouts have a most charming celebration during the Christmas season. Miss Violet Davey writes about it:

"Our Christmas fête really lasts a week. We are fortunate in having our Little House on the grounds of the Philip Waldheim-Stevens Forum and the whole center becomes alive with the holiday spirit about December twentieth. Then the girls hang a huge evergreen wreath with a gay red bow outside the door of the house and another around the wrought-iron in its fireplace. A fir with dozens of colored lights springs up in the corner of the troop room, and another, with just a pure white star on the top, rises from the lawn outside. Parties are held each afternoon and evening for four or five days.

"On Christmas Eve we have our Girl Scout party in the forum. The crippled children, the children of the Mary Hammond Home, the youngsters from the Tuberculosis Clinic and Day Nursery, and the boys and girls from St. Mary's Orphanage are invited to be our guests."

### Christmas Pictures!

*For your photographer's badge*

Christmas weather, Christmas decorations—what ideal conditions for photographs! And what a good chance they make to do some work on your photographer's badge.

Photographs can develop into a money-making scheme for the troop, too. This suggestion comes from Troop Seven, North Hudson Council, Union City, New Jersey. One patrol took a picture of the troop and sold enlargements of it to the rest of the troop. And the troop got the proceeds!

### The "Council Fire" Cover Contest English and American girls won prizes

We have had word from England that the designs submitted in the Council Fire cover contest were voted upon by the delegates, Girl Guiders and visitors attending the World Conference at Foxlease, Lyndhurst this summer.

The first prize of fifty dollars was won by Miss Rosalie M. Brown of England; the second prize of twenty-five dollars was won by Miss M. Paterson of England; and the third prize of twenty-five dollars was won by Miss E. Helene Sherman, 70 Oakley Road, Belmont, Massachusetts. Another design which was thought well of and commended was that of Miss Margaret Hall, Hospital Road, Concord, Massachusetts.

## Ways to Earn Money

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*Using your money wisely and well is an art—*

## "I Am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 29)

explain that a free lance journalist has more opportunities for travel, and Betty will cut her off to give us a glowing description of social service work! We're all too wrapped up in ourselves to give anyone an attentive ear.

The more we discussed it the more certain we became that Georgia was quite wrong in her attitude and since she was still a pledge, not yet a full-fledged member of our group, nearly everyone thought that she should be shown our disapproval by being brought before some of us seniors and lectured. But I had another idea.

"You see," I explained, "I used to feel somewhat as Georgia does about my own family and I think I can suggest a far pleasanter cure."

And then, of course, I had to make myself clear.

It was my first year in high school and I was trying to "make the grade" socially. I wanted to know the right people and belong to the Elizabethans.

That was the year that my father had a break-down and had to take a long rest. We had to be very careful of the pennies, and to help make up for the loss of income Mother began baking for the neighbors. All this made life very difficult for me. I hated wearing last year's clothes when the new fall things were so smart and every other girl in town seemed to have a stunning new outfit. But most of all I hated the idea of Mother working. I knew that she was doing a fine thing for all of us but I couldn't get over feeling humiliated. I was so afraid some of the people that I wanted to know would find out.

I wasn't a great source of comfort to my family. I helped at home by frosting the little cup cakes after school. And how I loathed them! Mother didn't seem to mind the work at all. The more orders she got the more cheerful she became and the more depressed I grew because I thought she might take it into her head to open a shop and then I would have to wait on people.

Father got over his discouragement at not being able to work and set about giving his nerves a chance to get better. To amuse himself he began improving his old parlor tricks, especially his favorite one—musical glasses. Now I had told myself that I really belonged in a family of musicians and artists, famous and distinguished people with all manner of social graces, and Dad's musical glasses were a great trial to me. He performed gleefully for everyone who came to our house, from the minister to the Fuller Brush man, while my sensitive

soul simply writhed over his rendition of *Annie Laurie*. I made up my mind that none of the people I wanted to know should ever come near the house.

I spent my spare time perfecting a haughty manner calculated to make me interesting to Lucy and her friends. It didn't seem to win their attention. Certainly it didn't endear me to my family. Mother and Dad finally decided that something was seriously wrong with me. They took me to task and in an angry, tearful scene I admitted that I was wretched because I wasn't making friends and hadn't been asked to join the Elizabethans. Mother seemed to think it rather an easily remedied situation.

"Why that's perfectly absurd," she exclaimed. "There isn't any reason why you shouldn't have all the friends you want. Ask some of the girls to the house."

"I'll bet," Dad put in, "that you've never told them about my musical glasses!"

Musical glasses! Insult heaped on injury! I retorted that the people I wanted to know were intelligent—aristocratic! And with that I flung out of the room, leaving my

family more amused than hurt. Mother even laughingly suggested putting a coat of arms on her frostings to remind her customers that she was no ordinary cook!

But in those days I had no sense of humor. Ignored at school, betrayed by a hard-hearted family, and miserably sorry for myself, I moped my way through the first term. One morning in January I read on the bulletin board the announcement of the annual costume dance, held by the Elizabethan Society. It was the big social event of the year.

I studied the announcement and began to ache with the miserable knowledge that I couldn't go. Unpopular girls never fared well at such gatherings. For the next week life was a bleak routine of going to classes, studying and helping at home with acute unhappiness continually gnawing at me. Then I came home one afternoon and found Mother in high spirits over a big order. The Elizabethans had heard about her little cakes and wanted dozens and dozens for their party. Morbidly I accepted that crowning touch of bitterness and I agreed to hurry home on the afternoon before the dance and help ice them.

As I approached the house that day I saw two cars parked in front of our door. One was the little maroon Speedway that Lucy Holmes drove and behind it was (Continued on page 54)



### Just a Reminder

**H**AVE you entered the Book Contest held by THE AMERICAN GIRL in conjunction with the National High School Awards? The prizes are fifty dollars, twenty-five dollars and ten dollars, offered for the best essays on "The three books I have most enjoyed." For further information see page fifty-two of your November AMERICAN GIRL.

## How to "stand-in" with the family

### —JUST BEFORE XMAS

Do the dishes *cheerily*. Wipe wood-work *behind* furniture, too. Don't forget smudges on the wash-basin. Just remember, whenever you're helping mother with any cleaning task, that Fels-Naptha will help you! For its good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, loosen dirt without hard rubbing. Tell mother that Fels-Naptha gives this *extra* help for washing, too. And psst!—we bet you get the nicest Xmas presents ever!

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You'll find some pointers on it in the next issue



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*Send for Christmas Catalogue*

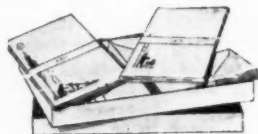
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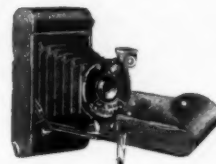


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C-111. Silver . . . \$1.00

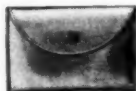
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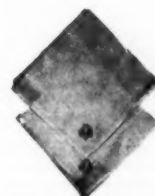
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## "I Am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 51)

Rose Ballenger's dashing red Colster! I opened the front door and to my horrified ears came the whine of *Annie Laurie*. There was also a great babble going on in the dining room. Mother and three girls, each with a knife in her hand, were busy spreading the different colored frostings on the cakes and two were absorbed in Dad and his glasses. I recognized all the important social leaders of the school!

"The girls came a little early," Mother explained. "So I just set them to work finishing the icing."

"Why—" Lucy gasped. "I didn't realize we were at your house, Dorothy."

"Why, I didn't either," Rose looked up from Dad's glasses.

I managed some greetings and silently joined the group at the table. They pushed a bowl of icing within my reach and went on chattering gaily to Mother. They had packed themselves into their cars and were gone before I could think of a single one of the carefully studied phrases I had meant to use if I ever had a chance to talk to any of them.

"Nothing highbrow about that crowd," Dad observed.

"I haven't had so much fun in a year," Mother answered. "It's a shame you don't know them better, Dorothy."

I was crushed but it was useless to try to explain that now all my chances of knowing those same girls were gone forever. Several days later Rose stopped me in the cafeteria and asked immediately about Dad and the glasses. Shuddering at the hateful reminder, I assured her that I was fond of classical music and Dad's bad taste made me nervously ill. I also managed to mention that Mother's baking was just a hobby.

"Fiddlesticks!" Rose put her glass of milk down as hard as she dared and I'll never forget the indignation that leaped from her sharp brown eyes. "Dorothy Pratt, we've been talking you over and we can't figure out what ails you unless you're a snob. The most interesting thing

about you is your family and you act as if it were a disease! Don't you know that your mother is ten times more attractive in every way than you are? You couldn't play a tune on a row of glasses to save your soul. You just aren't smart enough! Really, we'd never noticed you until we met your parents. We thought right away that we'd like to have you in the Elizabethans, but one of our rules is to discourage snobbishness in the high school. I don't mean to be horrid. You just made me so angry."

The class bell never sounded so good to me as it did at that moment.

"Think it over—and try not to hate me," Rose added ruefully.

No one had ever spoken to me like that before but it had a ring of truth that I couldn't escape. I was hurt and discouraged and hated myself. That night Dad and Mother seemed like different persons—so infinitely finer than I that I hardly dared speak to them.

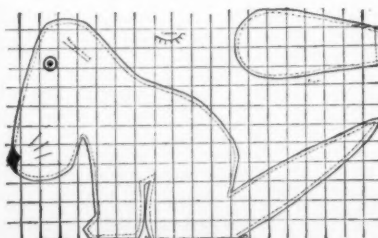
But don't think I got up the next morning a sweet, new creature. I didn't. It took days for me to get over feeling wretched. Then I set about to change things. I introduced Father and Mother to everyone and found it was great fun to have popular parents, even if I couldn't be popular myself! The next fall I was an Elizabethan—but even better than that, I had learned to see my mother and father as interesting people.

That's how I came to sympathize with Georgia. My suggestion won out. We had a theater party soon after and to Georgia's astonishment we invited her mother who turned out to be charming. After the play, she confided to me that she was glad something had persuaded her to break her old custom of not having anything to do with Georgia's crowd. "You see," she explained, "Georgia thinks I am too old-fashioned to fit in. So I just keep out of the way, though I've always wanted to meet you girls. And don't tell Georgia, but there's one thing I'm better at than fresh coconut cake—and that's bridge!"

## How to Make a Calico Dog

To cut the pattern for the calico dog shown in the photograph on page seventeen, take a piece of paper 20 inches long by 12 inches high and mark it off into one inch squares. Then draw an outline as nearly as possible like the one of the body below, using the squares as a guide. The dotted line shows the seam allowance. Cut the ear pattern the same way. Lay the patterns on the calico and cut two pieces for the body. Sew them together on the wrong side, leaving a few inches open along the straight line at the bottom, through which to put in the cotton stuffing. This should be

evenly and, when stuffed, the body should not be over two inches thick. Cut two pieces of calico for each ear, sew them together, turn them inside out and press them flat. The ear is attached along the diagonal line above and to the right of the eye. The positions of the eye, ear, nose and whiskers are indicated on the pattern. On the left side there is no eye, only an eyelash shown at the top center of



the diagram above the dog—worked on the calico in black cotton embroidery thread, just as the whiskers are. The tip of the nose is a piece of velvet an inch square, put on diagonally. Use a button for the eye.

Give "The American Girl" for Christmas—



### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

#### His Master Knew

"Rastus, your dog seems to be in pain."

"No, suh, he's not in pain. He's jes' lazy."

"But he must be suffering or he wouldn't howl like that."

"Jes' plumb laziness, he's sittin' on a thistle."—Sent by MARTHA BROWN, Blacksburg, Virginia

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

#### Stricken Suddenly



An absent-minded curate was walking down the street one day with one foot in the gutter and the other on the pavement. A friend, meeting him, said: "Good afternoon, and how are you?"

"I was very well, I thought," answered the curate, "but now for the last ten minutes I've been limping."—Sent by MAY KNAPP, Saranac Lake, New York

#### Sharing the Honors

A father asked his son if he needed any help with his lesson.

"Aw, no, Dad," replied the youngster. "I might as well get it wrong all by myself."—Sent by RUTH CRAIG, Georgetown, South Carolina

#### Not a Surveyor

A train in Iowa was brought to a standstill by striking a snowdrift.

A farmer, carrying a long pole, showed up on the scene. He would walk a few steps and stick the pole down in the snow.

Finally, he came close to the train and a passenger opened a window and asked the farmer, "How deep do you find the snow out there?"

"I'll be gosh darned if I know," replied the farmer, "I'm hunting for my barn."—Sent by LETHA DAV-  
IDSON, Columbus, Ohio



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YOUR OWN RENEWAL

# Christmas Gifts for Everyone

(Continued from page 13)

color you may follow the directions for bookbinding just given. If not, you may run your paper from the very edge of the back binding and completely cover both sides of the book, including the corners. Then give it a coat of shellac.

## Hat Box

One of the nice Tony Sarg papers covers the square hat box. Spread out your piece of paper wrong side up and set the top in the center of it, upside down. Turn the paper up at each edge just enough to crease it. Allow enough all around to turn down over the edge and up again underneath. Mark this and cut it off, cutting your corners long on two sides and short on the other. Cover the paper with paste. Lay the cover upside down exactly in the middle of the paper and press it down firmly. Then turn down the two long edges, bending them around the corners and trimming off the paper. Use half an inch for each corner. Bend under the inside edge and smooth it down carefully. Then turn down the two short sides in the same way and turn up underneath. Cut a piece of lining paper exactly the size of the inside of the top and paste in. Shellac the whole thing.

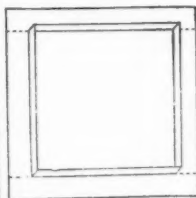
Then you can fix the front side so that it will let down on a hinge. Slit the box down the two front corners, hinge it at the bottom by pasting on a two inch strip of linen on both sides along the bottom. Choose a paper that will center nicely for the front of your box, allowing an inch on each edge for overlap. Paste it on carefully and do the same with both sides, letting the paper run a little way around the back corner. For the back piece, let the paper just come to the corners of the box. Cover the bottom of the box to within an eighth of an inch from the edges all around. To line the box, do the two sides first, letting the paper run a little way onto the bottom and around the back corner. Then finish with one piece

of paper in a straight strip which will cover the back, bottom and front all at once. Shellac the box inside and out.

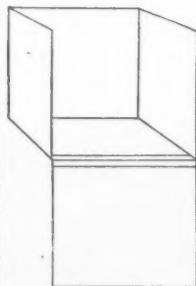
## Your "American Girl" Binder

Of course, your best friend takes THE AMERICAN GIRL and would be pleased if you would show her a way of keeping all her copies together. In order that the binder will hold more and more magazines, make the two sides separate.

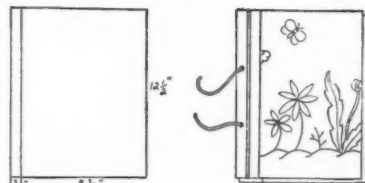
Cut two pieces of stiff, heavy cardboard, twelve and a half inches long by eight and three-quarter inches wide. Then draw a line three-quarters of an inch from the back edge of each cover and cut again. Cut a strip of linen or heavy cotton five inches wide and twelve and a half inches long. Crease this down the middle, cover the inside with glue and slip your long, narrow strip of cardboard in to the crease, pressing it in firmly. Then between the two remaining edges of linen, slip your book cover, leaving a quarter of an inch between the back strip and the cover. Smooth this down firmly on both sides and with your thumb nail, press the two pieces of linen together to make a hinge. Mount the back cover in the same way. Plan your outside cover so as to leave half an inch from the edge of the hinge and allow about an inch to turn over on the other three sides. This will make the paper eight and one half inches wide by fourteen and one half inches long. Spread glue on the paper and lift it carefully on to your book cover, being sure that the edge next the hinge is perfectly straight. Smooth it down carefully and turn the edges under. Line it with a paper that will cover these rough edges and come to within about an eighth of an inch of the edge of the book. Shellac the cover all over, including the linen. With a punch make two holes in the covers. Run a cord of ribbon through them. Finish by making holes in the magazines. Why not play Santa Claus to yourself, too, and make a Christmas gift to keep?



LEAVE THE END  
PIECES FOR BOTH  
HAT AND CIGAR  
BOX COVERS A LITTLE LONG TO  
TURN IN (LEFT)

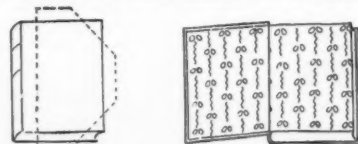


HINGE ONE SIDE  
OF THE HAT BOX  
TO THE BOTTOM  
WITH STRIPS OF  
LINEN AS SHOWN  
IN THE DIAGRAM



USE THESE MEASUREMENTS FOR YOUR BINDER.  
(ABOVE, LEFT) AND PUNCH TWO HOLES,  
TO HOLD THE MAGAZINES (ABOVE, RIGHT)

PUT THE COVER PAPER ON THE BOOK AS SHOWN  
BY DOTTED LINE (BELOW, LEFT) AND USE GAY  
END PAPERS ON THE INSIDE (BELOW, RIGHT)



Tell mothers, fathers, uncles and aunts about "The American Girl"—

# My Hobby

By

CHARLOTTE G.

SHAPIRO



*Charlotte G. Shapiro, the winner of the second prize in our Hobby Contest, has a hobby which may never develop into a profession, but which will certainly grow into a collection that is more and more interesting. For Charlotte's hobby is linked up with her interest in books in a very real way. She has used her imagination in developing this hobby and the result is most unique. But we'll let Charlotte tell her own story.*

I AM afraid that the handiest and fastest thing about me is my imagination; therefore, my hobby is one in which my imagination enjoys full sway.

In two corners of my room, just as snugly and cozily tucked in as the bookshelves which hang in the other corners, are maple what-nots on whose shelves rest the cherished objects of this theme, my hobbies.

Each tiny china animal symbolizes some story. For instance, that little terrier sitting with his head on one side is the little dog who so grandly walked into Carl Stanton's bedroom bearing a tag which told Carl that the little dog's first name and Molly Make-Believe's last name were the same; and that little dog is the one who drowns in front of Carl's bed all of that cold, rheumatic night while Carl read the back of the dictionary out loud until he finally struck the pup's name and, incidentally, Molly's last name. But to the world in general the pup's name is Lan, and to the world in general he is merely a pretty china ornament that takes up some space.

The fine looking collie is Terhune's famous "Lad" while the dapper little fellow next to him is "Gissing," the hero of *Where The Blue Begins* by Christopher Morley. To the friends who look upon them, as they stand in their corner, they are "Noble" and "Saucy."

There are dogs here from all over the world, some made in Japan, some in Germany, and others in France. Big dogs and little dogs purchased from all over the United States and every one of them has walked through the pages of at least one of my many favorite books.

Then there are other animals. Not many, but a family of tiny elephants known to my friends as the Ellies but

known to myself as the two sons and wife of darling old Ulysses, and, of course, Ulysses himself.

"But," you say, "at the conclusion of the book by Charles Dwight Willard, Ulysses, after having been educated to the extent of being the only elephant to read and write, killed himself because he was unable to understand certain complicated bits of Browning's *Sordello*."

"Just so," I reply, "but he really isn't dead for here he sits upon my shelf as alive as is his tiny squirming china family. Can you disprove it?"

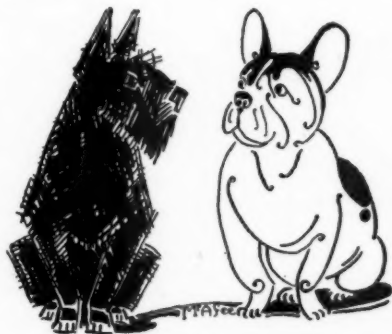
There is also the famous proverbial "Wise Old Owl" who sat on an oak and the little bird who is always whispering in someone's ear. To the world they are "Wise" and "Other Wise."

When my friends comment upon the little rabbit "Snowy," I know that it is "Uncle Wiggly" himself that they praise.

Many, many more are the little fellows who dwell in separate worlds of their own. Side by side stand "The Dog of Flanders" and Tarkington's "Fox Terrier or Something." And so my imagination goes its rounds through this, my hobby.

**Editor's Note:** If you like to spend your leisure time collecting things that mean something to you—in other words, if you like hobbies—you will be interested in watching this space during 1931.

Here, every so often, girls will tell about hobbies to which they are devoted and will give AMERICAN GIRL readers ideas for embarking on some new ones. They will be essays selected from those sent in to the hobby contest. Except in the cases of the contest prize winners, each girl whose essay is printed in this space will be awarded a book.



FIRST DOG: I went to a beastly affair last night.

SECOND DOG: My, what was it?

FIRST DOG: A dog show.

*It makes a fine Christmas present for that favorite daughter or niece*

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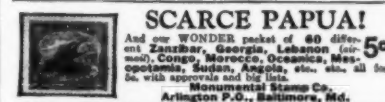
Is the rare Guatemala "Quetzal-Bird" triangle (as illustrated). This and the fine Hyman triangle are in our big packet from **TETZ, KAYAN, KEN-NA, UGANDA, KATANGA, KEN-NA** for 5c. With approvals and big lists. **SEWING STAMP CO.** Druid St., Baltimore, Md.

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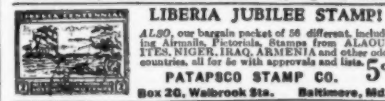
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### A Christmas Sleigh-Ride

As a Christmas treat, our puzzle friends are invited to come with us on an imaginary sleigh ride through forests of snow-laden fir trees glistening in the silvery moonlight and standing out in fanciful forms against a star-studded sky.

We pass through many quaint and interesting villages on this ride and by studying the above map, an idea can be had of the route to be taken. Each town or village has been represented by an initial. Beginning at the circle up at the top marked HOME, our ride takes us through each village once, and never over the same road twice. If this is done correctly, you can spell out the name of a character who is very popular at this time of the year.

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. A coniferous tree
2. Nimble
3. Severity
4. A mass of visible vapor
5. Collection of cattle

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change GAZE to STAR in nine moves.

### Ye Olde Time Riddle

What is the difference between a photographer and the measles?

### An Enigma

I am a Girl Scout law and am composed of thirty-seven letters.

My 27, 16, 6, 25, 11, 32, 24, 10, 8, 17, is the name of a famous President.

My 21, 28, 29, 12, 15, is a farm animal. My 2, 9, 3, 37, 35, is what a Girl Scout is called in Europe.

My 1 and 20 is a preposition.

My 34, 31, 33, is your father.

My 5, 22, 26, is what houses are built on.

My 30, 18, 19, 36, is something we do three times a day.

My 13, 23, 4, 14, is what some girls do to their hair.

My 7 is a letter that is found on a hundred dollar bill.

By MARY ELLEN VOYLES, Troop 8, Indianapolis, Indiana.

### A Birthstone Acrostic

The first and third letters in the eight four-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two precious gems that are also birthstones.

1. Part of a church
2. Ditch around a fortress
3. To gain recompense
4. Turning point
5. Contemptuous shout
6. To jerk or twist
7. The river of Hades
8. Topic

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, five new words will be formed. The five added letters will spell the name of a river in Europe.

1. Ages 2. Over 3. Rate 4. Ever 5. Late

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

THE DINNER PUZZLE: 1. Adaline 2. Doris 3. Lucy 4. Mabel 5. Andrew 6. Donald. The pie was cut as shown by dotted lines.



PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:  
V E R S T  
E L O P E  
R O M A N  
S P A D E  
T E N E T

WORD JUMPING: Kick, rick, rock, rook, book, boot, boat, goat, goal.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: When they save a little profit (prophet) from the rushes on the bank.

WORD SQUARES:  
F A C T L E N T  
A B L E E V E R  
C L A N N E V A  
T E N S O R T R A P  
O L E O  
R E S T  
P A S T O T E A S T  
A R I A A R E A  
S I N K S E E R  
T A K E T A R E

AN ENIGMA: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

AN ACROSTIC OF STATES: Finis, lying, outdo, rigid, islam, drink, allah, Florida, Indiana.

ADD A LETTER: The six added letters spell MIKADO.

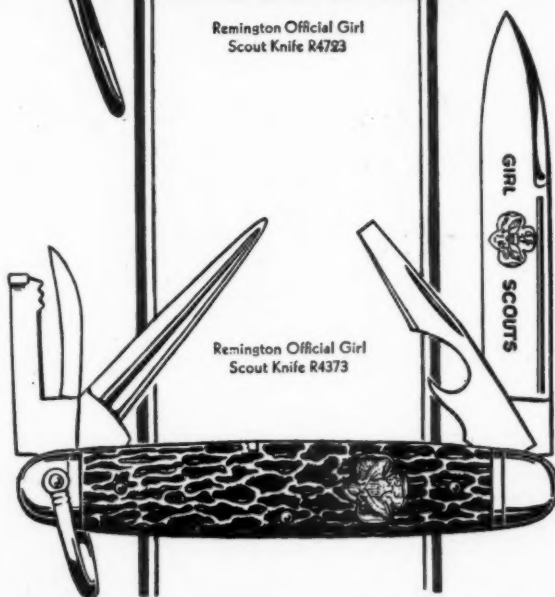
Puzzles, jokes, pictures, news—all are coming in early issues!



# If it's a Remington it's a fine knife



Remington Official Girl  
Scout Knife R4723



Remington Official Girl  
Scout Knife R4373

**Y**OUR scout knife is now being made for you by the largest manufacturer of fine pocket cutlery in the world—REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.

You know the kind of knives Remington makes if you have ever seen the Official Boy Scout Knife. Your Remingtons are made especially for you, according to designs that have been approved by your National Headquarters. The steel is the finest. Blades are sharp and will stay sharp a long time.

The pictures on the left illustrate the two patterns of Remington Girl Scout Knives. Be sure to get a Remington. Address: Remington Cutlery Works, 949 Barnum Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

*Go to your dealer and ask him to show you The Remington Standard American Dollar Pocket Knife.*

## Remington

Even  
BRIGHT ANGEL  
TRAIL  
leads to a soda  
fountain and  
*the pause that refreshes*

A BIGHORN sheep might venture within easy sight. A drouth can bring a herd of deer into the open for food. Bold hunters win bounties for mountain lions. Far-away, vast, untamable—the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Yet Bright Angel Trail, mountain-side path into the heart of this wild beauty, like the busy, paved streets of cities and towns, leads to a soda fountain and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Many thousands of tourists recall the day they climbed this trail on a pony or a mule. Then at El Tovar fountain learned what the pause that refreshes really means—and learned why Coca-Cola, with its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, is ready around the corner from anywhere.

**THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD**

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.



On the rim of the Grand Canyon, in a wing of El Tovar Hotel, the little red Coca-Cola sign flashes its invitation to a cool and cheerful fountain—telling you how, when and where to pause and refresh yourself.



*It had to be good to get where it is*



VOLUME 3

PART 1

THE OF